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The Outlook

A Family Paper

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By Clinton Scollard

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A party's watchword blindly for his own,
Although his sense of right be overthrown,
And all that high resolve and purpose wakes?
Or shall the name be that man's who forsakes
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And place is diced for like the gamester's stakes?

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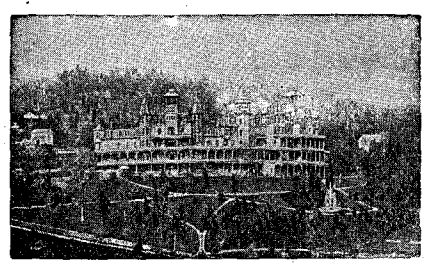

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 54 Saturday, 19 September, 1896 Number 12

THE Republican majority in Maine equaled the most extreme Democratic predictions. Prior to the election the anomaly was presented of the Republican managers predicting that the Republican plurality would be 20,000 less than in 1894, and of the Democratic managers predicting that the Republican plurality would be 10,000 greater than in 1894. Each side had in view the after effects of the election, and each wished to be able to claim that it had done better than it expected. The Democratic prediction—made with a view to avoid disappointment—seems to have been exactly fulfilled. Returns from two-thirds of the State show a gain of seven thousand in the Republican plurality over that in 1894. If this gain is maintained in the rest of the State, the Republican plurality will be almost exactly 50,000. This is thirty thousand more than in any recent Presidential election. The campaign was fought upon the financial issue exclusively. Most of the gold Democrats voted directly for the Republican candidate—the gold Democratic candidate receiving less than a thousand votes.

❀

Mr. Bryan last week made a brief speech accepting the nomination of the American Silver party, and published a brief letter accepting the nomination of the Democratic party. Both the speech and the letter declared that the tariff question must be held in abeyance until the money question is fully and finally settled. The speech said little more than this, for the platform of the Silver party had but the one plank. The letter to the Democratic Committee took up in succession all the planks of the Democratic platform, and expressed a cordial indorsement of each. Its expressions were perhaps most guarded upon the plank condemning the use of National troops for the preservation of order within the States. The law, it said, must always be enforced and the public peace always maintained. Opinions would ever differ as to the best means of securing these ends, but those who were loyal to our form of government and trusted the people of our States would conform with the Constitutional provision that the National Government should not interfere in the domestic affairs of any State except upon the application of the Legislature or of the Executive in case the Legislature could not be convened. On behalf of the plank demanding the substitution of Government money for bank notes Mr. Bryan spoke with especial force. National bank notes redeemable in Government notes could not, he said, be better than Government notes themselves, "and yet the banks persistently demand that the United States notes which draw no interest shall give place to interest-drawing bonds in order that the banks may collect the interest which the people now save." Concerning the plank condemning a life tenure in Government positions, Mr. Bryan urged that wherever the people elect they "make frequent changes in their official representatives. . . . A permanent office-holding class is not in harmony with our institutions. A fixed term in appointive offices, except where the Federal Constitution now provides otherwise, would open the public service to a large number of citizens without impairing its efficiency." This paragraph will afford comfort to spoilsmen only. Mr. Bryan said nothing about the currency question except that he had previously discussed it and that it was the all-important issue of the campaign. "Momentous results," he said, "must follow the action taken. . . . The people of this Nation, sitting as a high court, must render judgment in the cause which greed is prosecuting against humanity."

❀

Mr. Hobart's letter accepting the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency is a spirited and well-written document. Its author is evidently a firm believer in the single gold standard. "Necessity," he says, "has made gold the final standard of all enlightened nations." Nevertheless he expresses the desire of his party to continue to use the silver now in circulation, and assist in promoting the double standard whenever it can be secured by agreement and co-operation among nations. Free coinage Mr. Hobart arraigns as a proposition to cut in two all that is owing to the poor who have deposits in savings-banks or policies in insurance companies. Regarding the tariff he is moderate in his expressions, though entirely loyal to the programme of his chief. Like Mr. Bryan, he believes that the currency is the predominant issue, and that all citizens who place country above party ought to allign themselves according to their beliefs on this question.

❀

If public opinion changed as rapidly as the opinion of the political conventions supposed to represent it, the supporters of Mr. Bryan might indeed claim a revolution in Eastern sentiment upon the silver question. Less than three months ago the Democrats of New Jersey and Pennsylvania adopted the strongest kind of gold-standard resolutions. Last week the Democratic Conventions in the same States "enthusiastically" indorsed Bryan and Sewall and the Chicago platform. In Pennsylvania the somersault was all the more remarkable because the new Convention was composed of the very same delegates as the old, and yet the new Convention did not content itself with a general indorsement of the Chicago platform, but especially indorsed the free-coinage proposition. In New York also the Democratic State Convention seems certain to indorse the Chicago platform. Nearly every county which has instructed its delegates has instructed them for silver. Among these is Albany County, the present home of Senator Hill, where the friends of the Senator were only able to secure his election as a delegate under instructions to support the programme he had denounced as revolutionary. Senator Hill refused to accept the election under these conditions. The anti-silver or "National" Democrats notified Generals Palmer and Buckner of their respective nominations at a large and enthusiastic mass-meeting held in Louis-

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ville. Letters were read from President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle. Mr. Cleveland said: "As a Democrat devoted to the principles and integrity of my party I should be delighted to be present on an occasion so significant, and to mingle with those who are determined that the voice of true Democracy shall not be smothered, and who insist that its glorious standard shall be borne aloft as of old in faithful hands." In Illinois General Black, the nominee of the anti-silver Democrats for Governor, has declined the nomination. Ex-Congressman Forman has been named in his stead by the State Committee. In Wisconsin the anti-silver Democrats have decided to name no candidate for Governor. General Bragg declined the nomination, and no one else could be agreed upon. In Missouri the Democrats and Populists have agreed upon a common electoral ticket. Senator Carter, of Montana, who was at one time expected to follow the leadership of Senator Teller, has declared himself in favor of Mr. McKinley, and claims to have a strong following in the State. The Colorado Republican Convention held last week indorsed Senator Teller and named Bryan electors.

❀

A prominent Georgian, who has been identified from the first with the agitation in favor of the Anti-Bar-Room Bill now dividing the parties in that State, writes us an interesting letter upon the present situation. When the People's Party Convention in August put a plank in its platform indorsing the bill, the leading Democratic managers, in spite of the large number of anti-bar-room voters in the Democratic ranks, took the other side, and by so doing brought to their party the solid support of the whisky interests. These interests, says our correspondent, are still strong in the five principal cities, and more or less influential in about forty-five towns. With the exception of these cities and towns, the saloon has already been driven from every foot of territory in Georgia. In the campaign now going on National issues have been eliminated by the concurrence of the two parties on the financial question, and the only important State issue is the Anti-Bar-Room Bill. The Democratic managers, realizing that they are likely to be beaten upon this issue among the white voters, are making a desperate attempt to control the negro vote in favor of the continuance of the saloon. Owing to the passage of the Registration Law the negroes this year, for the first time since the overthrow of the reconstruction governments, will have a fair and equal chance to vote. By reason of the funds which the liquor interests have placed at the disposal of the Democratic managers, the campaign for the degradation of the negro is being carried forward with vigor; but the campaign for his education is hampered at every turn by the lack of funds. "The members of the People's party," says our correspondent, "are mainly poor men, and have no resources with which to meet the fund raised by levying on the liquor interests." Money is needed to distribute temperance literature, and to pay the expenses of some of the abler colored ministers to go over the State and to endeavor to hold the colored people on the side of sobriety. Those who are interested in the distribution of temperance literature and the pushing forward of the temperance agitation might with great advantage make the State of Georgia during the next two months the field for the expenditure of their money and their labor.

❀

The friends of education in New York City heartily approve the appointment by Mayor Strong of Mr. Henry W. Taft as a Commissioner of Education. It is to be hoped that future appointments to be made this fall will be equally acceptable. Mr. Taft is a man of college education, and at the same time has the advantage of having received his early training through the public schools—not those in New York City, but those of Ohio. As a member of the Executive Committee of Five, which carried on last year the struggle for educational reform before the Legislature at Albany, Mr. Taft displayed no little vigor and administrative ability. No appointment has yet been made of a supervisor of the kindergartens. The view already expressed in these columns that a supervisor of kindergartens should be a practical kindergarten worker is gaining ground. It remains to be seen, however, whether this qualification will be made the test, as it should be.

❀

Professor Francis James Child, who died at the age of seventy-one on Friday of last week, had been in active service as a teacher in Harvard University longer than any other member of the Faculty. His scholarship was profound, and his knowledge of English literature in its historical aspects was probably unsurpassed by that of any living American. The amount of labor bestowed upon his famous collection of English and Scottish ballads was enormous, and it is a source of pride to American scholars that the work which is acknowledged by English authorities to be the best and most complete on this subject should have been produced by an American. Professor Child was the editor of the American edition of the "British Poets" and of the works of Spenser, and had written many monographs on literary topics. His courses of study in Shakespeare, Chaucer, and in Anglo-Saxon were among the most valuable of the University. Professor Child entered the service of Harvard in 1848 as a tutor; he succeeded Professor Channing in the Department of Rhetoric and Oratory in 1851, and became Professor of English Literature in 1876. He was a classmate of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Senator Hoar, Professor Fitzedward Hall, and other men of note.

❀

If published reports are to be believed, the English police have discovered a plot, formed by Irish dynamiters in conjunction with Russian Nihilists and Continental Anarchists, having as one of its objects an attempt to destroy the Balmoral Castle during the coming visit of the Czar, and when the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the English royal family should be present. There is a good deal about the story as told which indicates that the exact facts are not fully known. It is certain that four men believed to have been concerned in some plots have been arrested in Boulogne, Glasgow, and Rotterdam, and that a dynamite-bomb factory has been found in Antwerp. Two of these men are said to be P. J. Tynan (often known as "No. 1") and J. F. Kearney. Tynan was concerned in the plot which brought about the cowardly and cruel murder of Lord Cavendish in 1882, and it is stated that his arrest at Boulogne was on a warrant charging him with that offense. It must be remembered, however, that he was once arrested on that charge in France and that extradition was refused on the ground that the offense was not included in the extradition treaty between Great Britain and France; and, although a new treaty has been made, it could hardly be retroactive. Friends of Tynan and Kearney declare that both men are in this country, engaged, the one as a McKinley, the other as a Bryan, orator. Another curious circumstance is that it is alleged that the British authorities derived their information from one of the recently released Irish political prisoners. How a man who had been in solitary confinement for many years

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should be well informed about plots in America and Europe does not appear. Since Mr. Parnell's leadership of the Irish cause, the "physical force" faction has been decreasing in strength and influence, and it had been hoped that the day of dynamite outrages was gone by. An alliance between Irish dynamiters and Russian Nihilists for general destructive purposes is an unexpected development. The coming visits of the Czar to France and England have set the police upon the most anxious scrutiny of suspicious persons. That they have discovered some kind of a plot seems certain; exactly what it is will be known later.

❀

Despite the almost universal belief that the Sultan is personally responsible for the recent massacres in Constantinople, and the equally universal admission that something radical must be done to prevent further outrages, nothing actually has been done, and it is more than doubtful whether anything effective will be done. Rumors that the Powers had agreed to remove the Sultan have been current, but have, it is now thought, nothing substantial behind them. The almost official statement that Great Britain would pursue an independent course has had as its outcome only the presentation of a separate remonstrance to the Porte by Sir Philip Currie. Of mere remonstrance Mr. Gladstone well says:

"Remonstrance with him whom I always wish to call the Great Assassin would not be of the smallest value unless it were known to include a firm intention to resort to measures of coercion in case of need. The remonstrances of the Six Powers during the last twelve months have not been mere failures or simple mockery, but a great instrument of mischief, for they all along implied that such a matter can be disposed of by discussion."

So long as any revolutionary outbreak or pretense of outbreak can be found to serve as excuse, the organized massacre of innocent Armenians continues. The actual perpetrators of the Ottoman Bank seizure were let go unharmed, while hundreds of Armenians who had nothing to do with it were murdered in the streets and in their houses without any attempt being made to arrest or try them. Two men caught red-handed near the Embassies in the murder of Armenians were discharged in the face of direct evidence. The deportation of Armenians from Constantinople continues, without regard to the objections made by the foreign Ambassadors. In short, the Sultan seems to feel himself master of the situation, and is doing as he pleases. A British fleet lies off the coast of Salonica, but no one believes that Great Britain will use force without the consent of Russia, France, and Germany, and a concert of the Powers for anything but inertia is as far off as ever. Public sentiment in England has been expressed energetically by almost all the papers—the "Times" is lukewarm, however—by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and others; even in Germany the press has been aroused to denounce Abdul Hamid. Yet nothing is done, and no practical plan is proposed to deal with what Lord Rosebery rightly calls a question of common Christianity, humanity, and civilization. The world has before it the wretched fact that a homicidal maniac is defying repeatedly and with impunity all Europe.

❀

Spain's difficulties increase in number and in gravity. Her financial situation is wretched; the political trouble arising out of the unpopular Railway Subvention Bill may precipitate a Cabinet crisis at any time; the attempts to put down the Cuban insurrection are making no headway; and now, finally, she has to deal with another insurrection in her only other important colony, that of the Philippine Islands. These islands comprise several groups, and in all number over four hundred. They lie in a northerly direction from Formosa to Borneo. The natives are mainly Malays. The trade of the islands is chiefly in tobacco and sugar, and the total revenue of the islands is estimated at about $11,000,000. The Spanish Government keeps an army of about twenty thousand men at different posts throughout the islands, the most important of which is Luzon. The revolt in the Philippine Islands is, doubtless, of much the same character as that which exists in Cuba. It is said that it is being conducted through a vast secret society which hopes to bring independence to the islands. The movement is said to be spreading rapidly. The Spanish Government holds a monopoly of the tobacco product, taxes the islanders very heavily, and in all possible ways uses this colony simply as a source of wealth, and with no regard for the comfort and civilization of the people. Meanwhile there is little news from Cuba. All accounts agree, however, that the insurgents are holding their own. The Havana correspondent of the London "Times" has recently written to that paper that even Havana itself is honeycombed with intrigues of the revolutionists, and that it is too late now to compromise by granting reforms. There have been no military operations of consequence, so far as we can learn, for some time. Some 40,000 new troops are to be sent from Spain before long. Our readers who would like to have a graphic pen-picture of the state of things in Cuba will find such a picture in an article in the current "Harper's Weekly," by Mr. Thomas Dawley, the correspondent who was imprisoned for some time in Morro Castle.

❀

Emperor William's relations with his Cabinet ministers have for some time been arbitrary and capricious. A short time ago the Minister of Commerce resigned, and he has been followed by the Minister of War. It is also reported that the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe, has resigned, but the report as yet lacks confirmation. The result is a Ministerial crisis, in the discussion of which the German press is vigorously engaged. The cause of the crisis is a conflict between responsible and irresponsible advisers, and the immediate occasion of it a dispute as to the publicity of proceedings in military courts. The Minister of War is said to have resigned because he anticipated the opposition of the Emperor to a measure establishing the public character of such courts. The Minister, as the responsible official of the people, was successfully opposed by the Military Cabinet, which deems itself responsible to the Emperor. The question is thus broadly suggested as to which set of advisers are to be listened to in the future. If the Emperor intends to have advisers who simply echo his own notions and prejudices, there is sure to be prolonged friction until one principle displaces the other. The German people, and especially the party of constitutional development, will not rest content without knowing in which Ministers the real power inheres. Most of the difficulties thus far have arisen in regard to matters of army administration, and the Emperor is said to be quite determined to retain an exclusive control over such matters, deeming the army of paramount importance. The Military Cabinet is the embodiment of his views on this point.

❀

The Congress of the British Trade-Unions held in Edinburgh last week adopted an exceptionally conservative programme. It practically rescinded its Norwich resolution in favor of the nationalization of land, and at one time seemed inclined to declare against further participation in the international Congresses, where the revolutionary ele-

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ment has made itself so prominent. Upon this point, however, the Congress finally adopted a resolution to the effect that all future international Congresses should be composed only of representatives of bona-fide labor organizations. In a Congress thus constituted it is believed that comparatively few irresponsible visionaries could be elected. The most important resolutions adopted relative to the condition of wage-earners were a declaration in favor of an eight-hour day, on the ground that it would increase "the health, strength, and intelligence of the workers," and a declaration in favor of an employers' liability act which would make employers responsible for all injuries to working people not caused by the latter's negligence. This last resolution particularly declared that an employee's prior knowledge of a defect in the machinery or any other exceptional peril in his position should not lessen his right to damages, but that the responsibility for such defects and dangers should rest upon those having the power to remove them.

❀

The question of German competition with the trade and manufacturing interests of Great Britain has aroused much exciting controversy in the latter country. Ever since the publication of a book entitled "Made in Germany" a certain class of English manufacturers have been anticipating ruin to their interests, and many statistical returns have been published for the purpose of showing the inroads made on British trade by the cheaper goods of Germany. It is pointed out that there is a brisk demand in England for certain lines of goods in which the home manufacturer was supposed to have an undisputed superiority; while German exports to Switzerland, Russia, South America, and even to some of the British colonies have very largely increased during the past few years. These facts have caused a vigorous restatement of the views of English free traders and fair traders. The party with protectionist sympathies have adopted the latter name, and urge some concession to the English manufacturer in his single-handed struggle against the world. On the other hand, the free-trade disciples of Cobden profess to find cause of congratulation in the increased sale of German products in England, alleging the expensive nature of the export bounty system to the German people, and the resulting cheapness of many lines of imported products. Some of these have been used in building up new English industries of great profit, giving employment to large numbers of workmen, and creating a valuable export trade. Some free-traders are inclined to be alarmed at the prospect; but, generally speaking, there does not seem to be any weakening of the free-trade principles which rule the English commercial world. Much stress has been laid upon German superiority in industrial education; numerous instances are given of factories where trained chemists are employed in securing the best industrial processes. The one immediately practical lesson of the situation seems to be the need of the British manufacturer and trader to adopt improved methods, so as to place himself on the same plane of competition as his more accommodating and better-informed rival.

❀

Mr. Gladstone's marvelous mental activity since his retirement from the Liberal leadership in 1894 has caused a partial revival of discussion as to his return to public life. There is no serious or general opinion that he will do so; but many ask, Where are the evidences of physical and mental decay, of lessened interest in the problems of politics or theology, of less acute discernment in literary and social tendencies? It is doubtful if any two years of Mr. Gladstone's life have been more noted for intellectual energy and product than the last two; and at eighty-seven his amazing zest continues unabated. His learned studies in the works of Bishop Butler have only recently been published; magazine articles from month to month fall from his prolific pen, and the subjects treated show the same versatility as well as the same alert and virile thought; in capacity for work he seems to be equal to most exacting demands. A short time ago the Armenian atrocities nearly called him back to Parliament, so intense was his sympathy with that suffering people; nor have his convictions on that subject since known any change. In fact, though out of office, he is still the dominant personality in England, the one to whom the thought and conscience of the nation instinctively look as an exemplar of political conduct. Just now there are elements of disunion and discouragement in the Liberal party which urgently call for the strongest leader; and there is no doubt that, if Mr. Gladstone should again dare the vicissitudes of public life, he would be warmly welcomed back to his old place, even if for a very brief term of leadership. He was, at least in matters purely political, the trusted keeper of the Nonconformist conscience, while Lord Rosebery has not been very successful in retaining the confidence of that commanding element in British Liberalism. The common belief as to old age and its disabilities will be set over against the manifestations which, in Mr. Gladstone's case, seem to refute it; but, so long as these manifestations continue, his old friends and former following will inevitably ask, Why are not the energy and zeal, which abound in mental exertions so varied and severe, available for the reinvigoration of the Liberal party?

Arbitration and Workingmen

The question of a permanent tribunal of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain has a deep practical interest to the workingmen of both countries. There is a general indorsement of arbitration by the English and Canadian trade-unions, and a strong sentiment in its favor among our own labor organizations also, particularly in the Eastern States. Shortly after the issue of the President's Venezuela Message, the Central Labor Union of Boston formally protested against war, indorsed arbitration, and appointed a committee to act concurrently with the Parliamentary Committee of Labor Unions in Great Britain. Other American labor unions also took similar action, and the British Parliamentary Committee of Labor Unions has repeatedly done so. On July 26 last the Congress of Trades-Unions of the world officially indorsed international arbitration, and entered its protest against war. The struggle for higher wages is the strongest possible bond of union. National differences are largely obliterated by it, and the resulting solidarity is a great economic feature of the time. As the labor movement has passed from local and national to international proportions, we may justly expect it to become a much stronger preventive of war than it has been in the recent past. Its aims, its methods, and the product for a larger share of which it is struggling so earnestly are all more or less divested of purely local or restricted influences by the interlacings of the world's commerce. The workingmen, or rather their leaders, have not been uninstructed observers of the initial successes of arbitration, and they naturally forecast the influence of still further successes upon their own lot and prospects. They look upon war as the delay or destruction of their hopes, see clearly that those who gain by it are the few favored capitalists, and fear its disorganizing effect upon

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those laws of production and exchange whose operation must be both general and regular if labor is to reap enduring benefits. War breaks in upon the tenor and consistency of these laws. Even the wildness of Anarchistic labor unions is moderated by the perception of this. The Socialist who wishes to see government the exclusive regulator of industry is deeply concerned in securing international arbitration, for war by or against a government thus constituted would be most disastrous to his hopes. The position and influence gained by labor organization thus far cannot, it seems to us, retrograde, because they have not been secured by blind experiment or abstract theory. They have fought their way through progressive stages, each of which presented an issue acutely practical, thereby affording a tested leverage for further advancement. We do not anticipate that extreme opinions will rule in the councils of labor. During the past twenty-five years the instances of such control have been only temporary. And the present support of international arbitration is a proof of sanity and intelligent self-interest reassuring to the hopes of mankind.

The Commonwealth

VII.—The Lawyer

Law has been defined as the expressed will of a superior in terms applicable to classes of individuals and classes of actions. It thus differs from a command, which is the expressed will of a superior to an individual person and respecting an individual act. But this distinction is no longer adequate in democratic America. For in democratic America we have, not the will of a superior enforced over an inferior, but the will of the people enforced over themselves. Thus with us Law is the expressed will of the community acting as an individual. If we accept a figure as old at least as Plato, and compare the State to an individual, and accept an analysis not less ancient and divide the faculties of this community, as of the individual, into intellect, sensibilities, and will, then we may say that the teachers express the intellect or thoughts of the community, the poets and prophets its sensibilities and imaginations, or emotions and ideals, and the lawyers, including the lawmakers in legislative assemblies, its will or resolves.

It is true that, politically, the majority is superior to the minority, and that law in democratic America is the expression of the will of the majority. But it is more than that. For when the election has taken place and the decision is reached, it becomes the decision of the entire community. The law is not merely the will of the majority, to be enforced over and against a minority. This is too frequently the case in the Spanish-American Republics, and it is for this reason that revolutions or attempted revolutions are nearly as frequent as elections in those unfortunate States. But in the United States, when a Republican majority enacts a McKinley tariff, the Democratic minority does not merely submit to the will of a superior. The law becomes the will of the entire country, unless by regularly constituted and orderly methods it can be changed. When, even by the "indecision of the Supreme Court," the Income Tax Law is declared constitutional, the result, bitterly as it has been resisted by nearly if not quite half the people, is accepted as the will of the Nation, and opponents and advocates alike prepare to pay the tax, until, by the change of a single judge, it is determined to be unconstitutional, when again the whole Nation accepts the decision as the will of the Nation, and we proceed to borrow money and incur a debt for interest amounting to millions of dollars—not, indeed, without a murmur, but without a thought of resistance. The Nation is a unit; and when the discussion is over and the decision is reached, whether that decision is expressed by Congress or by the Court, that decision is regarded by all classes as the expressed will of the Nation.

Law, then, in a democratic community is the expression of the will of the community, and the function of the lawyer is to formulate that will, and then to apply it in all the complicated transactions of modern life.

This will of the Nation is expressed by two methods—legislative enactment and court decision. The Populists complain that there are too many lawyers in our legislatures; and if the legislative bodies determined the will of the people, there would be some reason in this complaint. But this is totally to misapprehend the function of a legislative body in a modern democracy. The legislative body does not determine what the law shall be, it simply formulates in law the decision reached by the people in informal discussions and debates. It stands in much the same relation to the people that a committee of a Legislative Assembly stands to the Assembly. The House of Representatives resolves on a certain course of legislative action and sends the matter to a committee which discusses details, formulates a measure, and submits it to the House for final action. In a somewhat similar manner, in the pending election the people will decide in favor of or against a protective tariff, and will then leave the House—as a kind of larger committee—to determine the details of the tariff. The will emanates from the people; the form only is left to the legislative body. And it is quite right that a majority, and even an overwhelming majority, of the legislature should be men familiar with law and with the legal effect of phraseology, and thus able to put into legal form the resolve which the people have reached but cannot in mass-meeting formulate. As a man, having determined how he will leave his property, employs a lawyer to draft a will, so the people, having determined on a given course of action, employ a legislature to draft the necessary measures to carry their determination into effect. Probably a considerable proportion of legal infelicities grow out of ignorance of law in the legislatures, and it is a question whether the community would not do well to employ in legislative action more lawyers rather than fewer—whether, for example, it would not be well to add to our present legislative machinery a permanent body, composed wholly of lawyers, to whom all bills should be submitted, and who should be empowered to return them to the legislature, pointing out defects and suggesting amendments to make them more rational and more effective.

But the will of the community is expressed quite as effectively by decisions of the courts as by acts of legislature, and such expressions are quite as important and far-reaching. The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the early part of this century, that no State could grant a monopoly of navigating tidal waters within its boundaries to any person, that the navigable waters belong to the people of the whole country, and must be forever free, probably has exerted as great and as beneficent an influence on the destinies of the Nation as any single piece of Congressional action, and the influence of Daniel Webster in securing that decision was probably more influential on the destinies of this country than anything he ever did as Secretary of State. The decisions of the courts constitute what the lawyers well call "a body of doctrine," which is modified almost from day to day, and which as truly, though not as directly and immediately,

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expresses the will of the community as do legislative or executive acts. It is customary, in certain quarters, to sneer at "court-made law;" but it is certain that court-made law is a more important and probably a more beneficent factor in our National history than legislative-made law. The present tendency is toward biennial, or even triennial, sessions of the legislature. But no one proposes to diminish thus the sessions of the courts.

It is not, however, enough to formulate the will of the people in accordance with the essential principles of justice; these principles, as expressed in and by that will, must be applied to the complicated affairs of modern life. That also is the function of the lawyer. He is not an idealist. He is not to formulate his own ideals of justice in law, nor to apply his own ideals to commercial and industrial life. This is the function of the moral and religious teacher, who is, or always ought to be, an idealist. The lawyer is to take these ideals in so far as they have been accepted by the people, and only so far, and formulate them in laws—that is, in expressions of the popular will—and apply them to the individual problems of society. It is as great a mistake to attempt to turn a statute into a sermon—that is, to make it represent some ideal of righteousness not yet recognized by the public conscience—as it would be to turn a sermon into a statute—that is, to make it a mere reflection of ideals already recognized and resolved upon by the community. Law must always be imperfect from the idealist's point of view, because it necessarily is, and of right ought to be, not an expression of a moral ideal, but the expression of that ideal which the popular conscience has recognized and the popular will has determined on. And, as between man and man, it is not the expression of absolute justice, and cannot be; it is the expression of that measure of social justice which the existing community in the existing epoch recognizes as right and decrees as law.

Thus the function of the lawyer is to transmute ideals into actualities, creed into deed, castles in Spain into homely but substantial dwellings in America. And it is by the actuality, the deed, the homely dwelling, that the community is judged. The state of liberty enjoyed in the United States was to be measured in 1854, not by the Declaration of Independence and the Fourth of July orations, but by the Fugitive Slave Law. We are what we do; the Nation is what it does. If the poets and prophets are the architects of the Nation, the lawyers are its makers and builders.

Guardian Angels

Beset by banditti or beasts on wild roads, or creeping by wild coasts in frail barks, old-time travelers piously committed their safe-keeping to the invisible powers of their guardian deity. With the increasing organization of life in modern progress, God's life-preserving powers are increasingly revealed to sight. The ancient form of hope is still retained: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." But the heavenly powers to which this hope looks up become more and more manifestly embodied around us.

The Biblical thought which reckons the winds among the angels of God reckons as equally such all the human servants of mankind. The man on the lookout, the commander on the bridge, the engineer amid the machinery, are among the angels to whom Providence gives charge over us to keep us in the ocean way. And over these are guardians of higher rank—archangels, let us say—the manager of the line, the government inspector, the Board of Trade, engaged in enforcing the conditions of our safety. We speed along the rails in the darkest night with confidence, for the track-walker has gone before us; the eye of the engine-driver, with hand on lever, is watching over the road in the headlight's glare; and the work of these watchers also is watched by those above them. At every port of entry stands for us a guardian angel at quarantine, under the direction of his superior at the seat of government, and the angel of pestilence retreats before him.

This life-preserving process of civilization is the issue of the all-energizing Spirit of God, embodying an ever-increasing measure of knowledge and skill, prudence and vigilance, in the developing organization of life and its service. We depend no more on celestial angels to lift us over stones, but require terrestrial angels to roll the stones away. Divine Providence, as we learn, is not to be seen or sought in emergencies so much as it is in the forestalling of emergencies through the increasing orderliness of life, and its rule by more and more of that law which secures the order of the universe.

The besetting error of our thought is in separating the currents of human agency from their divine springs. Our constant need is the habitual recognition of God in his world and his immediate agency in all that tends to the better regulation of personal or social life. In this view of things is a practical lesson of self-respect and conscience in duty for every one who is filling even the lowest place among those angels of God who keep ward over human welfare; a lesson also of respectful regard for their persons and their functions on the part of all who find safety under their charge.

The Teaching of Tragedy

No characters appeal more powerfully to the imagination than those impressive figures about whom the literature of tragedy moves—figures associated with the greatest passions and the most appalling sorrows. The well-balanced man, who rises step by step through discipline and work to the highest place of influence and power, is applauded and admired; but the heart of the world goes out to those who, like Œdipus, are overmatched by a fate which pursues with relentless step, or, like Hamlet, are overweighted with tasks too heavy or too terrible for them. Agamemnon, Œdipus, Orestes, Hamlet, Lear, Père Goriot, are supreme figures in that world of the imagination in which the poets have endeavored both to reflect and to interpret the world as men see it and act in it.

The essence of tragedy is the collision between the individual will, impulse, or action, and society in some form of its organization, or those unwritten laws of life which we call the laws of God. The tragic character is always a lawbreaker, but not always a criminal; he is, indeed, often the servant of a new idea which sets him, as in the case of Giordano Bruno, in opposition to an established order of knowledge; he is sometimes, as in the case of Socrates, a teacher of truths which make him a menace to lower conceptions of citizenship and narrower ideas of personal life or he is, as in the case of Othello and Paoli, the victim of passions which overpower the will and throw the whole life out of relation to its moral and social environment. The interest with which the tragic character is always invested is due not only to the exceptional experience in which the tragic situation always culminates, but also to the self-surrender which precedes the penalty and the expiation.

There is a fallacy at the bottom of the admiration we feel when a rich nature throws restraint of any kind to the winds and gives itself up wholly to some impulse or passion—

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the fallacy of supposing that by a violent break with existing conditions freedom can be secured; and the world loves freedom even when it is too slothful or too cowardly to pay the price which it exacts. That admiration arises, however, from a sound instinct—the instinct which makes us love both power and self-sacrifice, even when the first is ill-directed and the second wasted. The vast majority of men are content to do their work quietly and in obscurity, with no disclosure of originality, freshness, or force; they obey law, conform to custom, respect the conventionalities of their age; they appear to be lacking in representative quality; they are, apparently, the faithful and uninteresting drudges of society. There are, it is true, a host of commonplace persons in every generation, who perform uninteresting tasks in a mechanical spirit; but it must not be inferred that a man is either craven or cowardly because he does not break from the circle in which he finds himself and make a bold and picturesque rush for freedom; it may be that freedom is to be won for him in the silent and faithful doing of the work which lies next him; it is certain that the highest power and the noblest freedom are secured, not by the submission which fears to fight, but by that which accepts the discipline for the sake of the mastery which is conditioned upon it.

There are, however, conditions which no man can control and which are in their nature essentially tragic, and men and women who are involved in these conditions cannot elude a fate for which they are not responsible and from which they cannot escape. This was true of many of the greatest characters in classical tragedy, and it is true also of many of the characters in modern tragedy. The world looks with bated breath on a struggle of the noblest heroism, in which men and women, matched against overwhelming social forces, bear their part with sublime and unfaltering courage, and by the completeness of their self-surrender assert their sovereignty even in the hour when disaster seems to crush and destroy them. To these striking figures, isolated by the greatness of their fate, the heart of the world has always gone out as to the noblest of its children. Solitary in the possession of some new conception of duty or of truth, separated from the mass of their fellows by that lack of sympathy which springs from imperfect comprehension of higher aims or deeper insight, these sublime strugglers against ignorance, prejudice, caste, and power become the heroes and martyrs of the race; they announce the advent of new conceptions of social order and individual rights; they incarnate the imperishable soul of humanity in its long and terrible endeavor to bring the institutions and the ideas of men into harmony with a higher order of life.

The tragic element has, therefore, many aspects—sometimes lawless and destructive, sometimes self-sacrificing and instructive; but its illustration in literature in any form is not only profoundly interesting, but profoundly instructive as well. In no other literary form is the stuff of which life is made wrought into such commanding figures; in no other form are the deeper possibilities of life brought into such clear view; in no other form are the fundamental laws of life disclosed in a light at once so searching and so beautiful in its revealing power. If all the histories were lost and all the ethical discussions forgotten, the moral quality of life and the tremendous significance of character would find adequate illustration in the great tragedies. They lay bare the very heart of man under all historic conditions; they make us aware of the range of his experiences; they uncover the depths by which he is surrounded. They enable us to see, in lightning flashes, the undiscovered territory which incloses the little island on which we live; they light up the mysterious background of invisible forces against which we play our parts and work out our destiny.

To the student of literature, who strives not only to enjoy but to comprehend, tragedy brings all the materials for a deep and genuine education. Instead of a philosophical or ethical statement of principles, it offers living illustration of ethical law as revealed in the greatest deeds and the most heroic experiences; it discloses the secret of the age which created it, for in no other literary form are the fundamental conceptions of a period so deeply involved or so clearly set forth. The very springs of Greek character are uncovered in the Greek tragedies; and the tremendous forces liberated by the Renaissance are nowhere else so strikingly brought to light as in that group of tragedies which were produced in so many countries, by so many men, at the close of that momentous epoch. When literature runs mainly to the tragic form, it may be assumed that the spiritual force of the race has expressed itself afresh, and that a race, or a group of races, has passed through one of those searching experiences which bring men again face to face with the facts of life; for the production of tragedy involves thought of such depth, insight of such clearness, and imaginative power of such quality and range that it is possible, on a great scale, only when the springs of passion and action have been profoundly stirred. The appearance of tragedy marks, therefore, those moments when men manifest, without calculation or restraint, all the power that is in them; and into no other literary form is the vital force poured so lavishly. It is the instinctive recognition of this unveiling of the soul of man which gives the tragedy such impressiveness even when it is haltingly represented on the stage, and which subdues the imagination to its mood when the solitary reader comes under its spell. The life of the race is sacred in those great passages which record its sufferings; and nothing makes us so aware of our unity with our kind in all times and under all circumstances as the community of suffering in which, actively or passively, all men share.

In the tragedy the student of literature is brought into the most intimate relation with his race in those moments when its deepest experiences are laid bare; he enters into its life when that life is passing through its most momentous passages; he is present in those hidden places where it confesses its highest hopes, reveals its most terrible passions, suffers its most appalling punishments, and passes on, through anguish and sacrifice, to its new day of thought and achievement.

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The Cuckoo and the Sparrow

The Hungarian Millennial and its Significance

By E. Irenæus Stevenson

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.
—*King Lear.*

THE world's-fair idea has lost much of its prestige. It has degenerated from a show to a side-show. Big and small cities, provincial and ambitious, have industriously belittled it. Commerce has found it only too useful, and made it an advertising medium. In France, decided of late has been the sense of public satiety of world-shows. In the organization of the Fair now proposed for 1900 a steady current of criticism and even of objection has been progressing from the first announcements. There has risen often a cry of "Plus des Expositions!" Indeed, it is not likely that the vast Paris incident, even if it mature as successfully as is likely, will close for a long term the series of really national shows that began with London's Crystal Palace.

Nevertheless, the summer now closing brought not only the Swiss National Exposition—amply deserving its development and success as the first complete presentation of what the Cantonal Republic is doing in every department of its civilization and industry—but along with that another National Exposition of unsurpassed interest and claim upon the world's notice. From the flat marge of the Danube and the superb circuit of Hungary's own Budapest, from the "most beautiful city of the world," there has loomed up, since May, a magnificent spectacle in history, geography, commerce, manufactures, in the arts and the sciences, in literature, and in a sectional life of wonderful individuality. And therewith something has been seen of deeper interest than "exhibits" at any Fair anywhere. As one has studied this Hungarian National Exposition during three long months of summer-time vigor—nor is its end yet come—the stately domes decreed by the Magyars become impressive beyond all the beauty of their architecture. More than any Exposition, indeed, is this show of Hungary a Commemoration. That was announced as its *raison d'être*. More than any Commemoration, it is a prophecy. In the mind of the Magyar, just at present, Ossa piled on Pelion would hardly be a proud enough site for the Fair, in view of what it means to him. Even the wandering outsider, the casual visitor, intelligent in the course of events in the Hun-land since 1867, cannot fail strongly to realize in the gorgeous spectacle of the Varösliget the end, or nearly the end, of a long course, "a waiting race," as the turfmen say. The advent of Arpad the Great, the dignity of the Thousand Years of Hunnish history, were undoubtedly to be lauded in this event. So intending, well might rise Budapest's new Parliament House and the magnificent supplementary edifices; to say nothing of the Exposition's structures. Well might be set up the Pantheonic Arch and the Seven Arpad Memorials of the frontiers, with all grace of sculpture and strength of stone. Well may be opened in the latter days of the millennial year such a work as the great Ship Railway at Orsova. Nor less rightfully, as mere memorials, can be started into their lavish helpfulness the costly foundations that relate to education, science, art, and charity, and hundreds of other funds, created in a glow of pride over the past and in confidence in the time coming. It has been none too high a compliment that the whole Austrian Imperial Court and Government, the venerable Franz Josef at its head, have paid in their visits from Vienna's less beautiful demesne—taking part in incident upon incident since last May. No people in Europe can outrival such a page of national story as is this of the Huns which they are summing up in 1896. No other chapter of world-history is quite like it.

But more than with the emotion due to such a retrospect is the Magyar heart beating with a sense of the symbolism of all his Fair as to the future of his land. His show means the resurrection of an ancient nation, the triumph of a singular, potent, and amazingly vital race. The Exposition at Budapest foreshadows—let us say foreblazons—what soon should be Hungarian dominancy recognized in Hungary's limits, and beyond them almost whithersoever it will. Show hides more than it shows. Merely outward splendors are like the illuminating of a town on the return of a great leader with his battered legions—victors in a long campaign of ups and downs, winners in a final onset of perseverance and courage. What are the candles and transparencies compared with the fights? The Kaiser comes from Austria—a geographical term, not a political one of the least importance—to visit his Magyar subjects. He comes, not as "Emperor of Austria," but only as King of Old Hungary, of New Hungary. The Magyar nation, in receiving him, receives a sovereign to whom it yields homage only because he has accepted the homage. No voice has called "Hoch" to him as Emperor, but only "Eljen" as King. Informally independent of Austria's control as to citizenship, legislation, commerce, and even as to language (save by its own grace), the Magyar to-day looks toward the next step—formal independence. Her eighteen millions of people have long been the predominant race in the Confederation. Now they surge toward—supremacy. Faster and faster has glided toward such a goal the Pannorian car. Austria strove to check it with all her power, before the signal year of 1867. She has certainly done whatever she could to the same end since then. In vain—nor has any other State in the ill-glued, unhomogeneous Confederation been in a position to stay this progress of Hungary's potency. Bohemia might be expected to assert itself successfully in the same way; but, clogged with faction, she has stood still, or done worse. Hungary has smothered its internecine strife, to be free for the general effort at independence. It has its reward. If no giant chariot from beyond its frontiers crashes into the Magyar automobile, the next generation will find it arrived. Magyar children now in cradles will have to be taught how Vienna was a capital for *their* nation's administration once upon a time, as well as of "im Reichsrath vertretenen Länder"—the "countries having representation in the National Diet." In homelier figure, the Magyar bucket has been rising in the well just as the only bucket in counterbalance has been going down. Vienna, rich, dissolute, effete, is to-day of diminished significance in Austro-Hungarian affairs. That small and relatively inconspicuous State, which has by name dominated Central Europe, has now a dangerously open chance of becoming merely a minor member of the great Hungarian Empire, of a Hungarian Confederation, now defining itself. We have all read those bragging Latin words, cut in stone in such plain sight in Vienna, telling even this decade that "It is for Austria to Rule the Whole World." Never were they true—or wise. But one cannot now mock the Magyar for his belief that it is for Hungary to outrule an Austrian Confederation, and perhaps in much more. Certainly this hour is one in which we can believe that political shrewdness, patience, tact, self-sacrifice, and patriotism on the part of Hungary's statesmen have succeeded in a degree the consequences of which may be enormous—may change much of the face of European affairs.

To lay weight on this richer meaning of the Budapest Exposition seems just, even at the cost of descriptive paragraphs. Hundreds and thousands of Americans have seen for themselves, and will not need words to recall, its resplendent showiness. In this essential trait beyond doubt it is the most picturesque and representative world's fair offered the globe-trotter since the Parisian one of 1889. It has been organized by a people with a genius for organizing, a genius for system. The Varösliget, the chief park-ground of Budapest, familiar under ordinary

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conditions to our traveling compatriots, has furnished a spacious and convenient site. Natural features seem made on purpose. The approach has been no less than the most palatial street in the whole list of great streets in great capitals—the famous Andrassy Ut. Ten years' work have brought into the Exhibition area no fewer than one hundred and sixty buildings, occupying a million and a quarter square feet. Endless is their variety and beauty. On an island, connected with the main circuit, has risen, in especial, a collection of structures wholly historic in effect. They give the wandering spectator a vivid, comprehensive idea of the advance of national architecture in Magyardom, through the days of pre-Roman and Roman phases until this latter period of Ybl, Pollak, and Steindl. And these same superbly contrasted edifices have offered quite other contents than buffets for buns and beer, or tables and chairs for idlers. An astonishing assemblage of relics has been their charge. Nothing has been lacking in the national object-lesson. The young Magyar school-boy or school-girl could—and did—spend hours in museum-like displays as to every epoch of his great race's existence. He could pass onward through the stone or bronze utensils of its prehistoric life, its Latin civilization, souvenirs of the Province of Pannonia, of the times of the Ottoman wars, of mediæval days, of the years now smiling upon a land of such amazing natural richness and with such geographic aid to rule itself without interference from other peoples. In June, too, souvenirs yet more impressive were shown to all—to add fuel to the fire of national pride in antiquity, already sufficiently hot. The Sacred Crown of Hungary was brought forth—a diadem notable among all Europe's historic ones; presented in the year 1000 by Pope Sylvester the Second, for crowning Hungary's first kingly ruler, Stephen I. The ancient sword, the orb, the scepter, the age-worn mantle, were exhibited with it. This regal display was made for three days in the Coronation Church. It is not exaggeration to say that the nation to whom it spoke so eloquently reverenced it with tears and on their knees. Hungarian men of state, withal, are not likely to forget that early, remote debt their people owe to the Papacy—any more than their modern debts to Francis Deák, to Szecheny, to Beust, to Tisza, to Andrassy, to Banffy.

And, to continue a brief overlooking of the Exposition itself—the visitor has been able to turn from the very old to the very new. If he be a Hungarian, it would only stir his heart with higher delight than curiosity brings. Before him have stretched the avenues, endless and humming and dangerous, of the Hall of Machines. There all the huge industries that keep Magyar capital in circulation, in and out of Budapest, are epitomized. They are hardly more unresting, more vehement, than the energy of this rushing, incessantly busy Hunnish race. After a survey of mechanics, one passes on toward Halls of Agriculture, Public Instruction, Horticulture, of science applied to every industrial necessity. He goes on—through the bewildering Art exhibit; the sculptures, the canvases of a thousand painters, whereof Munkacsy or Piloty indeed are but two representatives. And to these departments of the great show succeed Transportation, Practical Hygiene, Mines and Mineralogy, War and Marine Exhibits, the Bosnian Industries, Navigation and Railway, and so on, in an endless catalogue. To list the hundred and sixty Budapest buildings would be a matter of more columns than most journals could conveniently sacrifice. One cannot, however, pass without more than a word of charmed retrospect the wonderfully successful counterpart of a typical Magyar village, with all its daily life, with every structure, occupation, costume, and incident usually visible or occurring. In this much was arranged beforehand. But many matters, grave and gay, have come of their own course as the Exposition's weeks have progressed; and there have been courtships, weddings, births and birthdays, feasts and fights wholly *à l'improvisée*. The semi-genuine "Swiss Village" of the concurrent Geneva Exposition above mentioned (a detail of it that, by the by, is announced for exhibition in the United States) has been admirable. This Hungarian semblance of village existence has surpassed it. Nor could the sightseer fail to be fascinated by another mere corner of the Show—a painstaking likeness of Ancient Buda, as was the city when the Turk was its lord and master; a presentment of perfect effect by a committee of archæologists and architects, arranged in the adjoining Zoölogical Park, near the Varösliget. This exhibit, if one may so call it, was the more acceptable and piquant, inasmuch as Buda possesses few suggestions of the epoch of Muslim rule. The curious tomb of Gul Baba, at Roszhagy, is almost the sole survival of Mohammedan occupation—a spot still a pilgrim resort for European Islam.

So has gone, and at this September writing goes on, the great Hungarian Fair. It is a pageant, a spectacle of unlimited bustle, color, brilliancy, and effect, a historic picture-book, a triumph, a challenge to the future. By night its illuminations, its moving crowds, its masses of luminosity or shadow, the music of its hundred Magyar bands playing czardas—that are czardas and not diluted imitations—its starry skies and rose-perfumes—it has been taken to one's heart as the Fairest of the Fair.

But out of it shines and flashes all that more portentous splendor above indicated. This people are surprising the outer world—which has recked too little of them. They are destined soon to surprise it much more. The American, on an average, has needed thorough object-teaching about Hungary. He has gone away from Budapest this summer feeling as if he had suddenly discovered a new race. He did not understand till now a world which he has observed in this city of nearly three-quarters of a million people. Let him go further into Magyarland. Let him get a cursory idea of its teeming cities and industrious villages. Let him view its grain-fields by the square mile, its vineyards and rose-gardens by the square acre, its whirling factories and huge foundries, its chateaux of an infinite variety and princely dignity, its vividly contrasted localities. Then let him reflect on the consequences of national independence and dominancy in Central Europe of such a folk.

When, in June, the Millennial Parliament marched in high procession into the new Parliament House, it was not only the first thousandth-year assembly of the sort in the world's history. It was the setting down of the national foot to move or not to move it, as shall choose the Magyar; not Vienna nor any other outer center of government. The smaller State that, by a strange series of historic incidents, has been heading the Austro-Hungarian Confederacy is distanced. What are you going to do with these people? What can one do to hamper such a gifted, practical, energetic nation, arrayed—to all intents and purposes—against decadent or unequal rivals in its struggle to succeed? Do? Nothing—except let it have its own way, go on, whithersoever it will, toward honor and power. Oh, these Yankees of Europe! What could, who could, beat them in their great, their skillful game! Not the lethargic Austrian, to-day mastering a curious group of tributaries or allies with the help chiefly of personal affection toward an old and revered sovereign. After his death may be expected a condition in Austrian affairs very like chaos. Avoiding Austrian bureaucracy, yet well administered, self-centered but always taking ideas from other nations, getting ever wider awake as Austria has dozed, Hungary has her fate in her own hands. Like the proverbial cuckoo, growing bigger and bigger in the sparrow's nest, the Hun race has now decided to occupy it and to keep house in it for itself. The sparrow has not even been a kind nurse and provider; and as the cuckoo has, in spite of that, grown lustily, the sparrow-brood are ill pleased. Turn and turn about is fair play in politics as in a humbler game. But it is hard to be elbowed in one's own house.

"Oh dear, yes," exclaimed an old Viennese ex-diplomat a few weeks ago, in commenting to me on all this Hungarian revivification, "Buda-Pest and the Magyars! They have quite flown over (*übergeflügelt*) our Austrian heads. *But I do not see what we can do.*" In his last sentence there is an attitude of mind expressed that epitomizes helpless Austrian dissent. The Magyar's quiet determination to recover and to preserve his own racial powers, his language, his autonomy, bears now an amazing fruit. At least it is

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amazing to the less intelligent in what has been going on and on. He has meant to make the most of himself and of things, to make the most of every natural and national resource. And at the same time he would adopt every handy hint from outside, meet everybody else half-way, if interest advises. For everything that cuts him off from others by nature, he has compensated—by not being chauvinistic. His splendid language, that of his rich literature, which he adores, is no bar. He takes pains to have each child know the tongues and writings of others. And as to industries—the bourgeois Magyar, the aristocratic Magyar, alike they have the passion for work, work, work. Every hundred florins must get its per cent. with these men. Viennese nobility, too effete where commerce comes directly into play, is beaten by the energy of these eastward folk. The Hunnish spirit of conquest vents itself in tillage and superb commercial establishments. The Hun no longer pillages and burns. He outdoes. The marauding has given place to manufactures. The most disdainful, blue-blooded, exclusive, amiable, charming nobility in all Europe has a *flair* as keen as a Jew's or an Armenian's for a good speculation. The Magyar dotes on pleasure—and on dividends. He will go a mile for a good opera—or a good bargain. Religion and finance are in his bone and blood. And so are in daily evidence the great industries of each large town, the finest railway system in the world, the outcome in a hundred directions of a rapid, restless, aggressive, audacious temperament. All Hungary is in a fever of industry and success.

Such, then, has been the grave and absorbingly interesting significance of Hungary's National and Millennial Exposition of 1896. Who runs may read. As wrote M. Lepelletier a while ago: "Par son activité commerciale, agricole, industrielle, par son defaut de fanatismes religieux, par sa vaillance traditionelle, par sa combativité héréditaire, par sa chevelaresque fidelité aux coutumes nationales . . . la Jeune Hongrie, fille des cavaliers huns, apparâit comme une nation de l'avenir. Eljen pour le Jeune Hongrie!"

"Eljen," indeed! The hour is one of confidence that wins sympathy. But earlier in this recognition of happy events and time has been written one word—"if." If! Nothing now is said by any neighbor-Power of Europe to jar on Hungary's joyous celebration. Better wait? Is that the thought? Better not light a death's head at so fair a feast? Is this the policy of some of its guests? Ah, amiable and concurrent sentiment! Let us hope that it be continued. But still the words "if" and "hope" seem to pass on toward the North. They wander, especially echoless and unanswered, from the land of the hated Slav—of the Bear and the Czar.

A Hidden Tragedy

By Caroline A. Creevey

They are going on all around us, in a world as real as our own, for the most part unsuspected, because attended by no cry of suffering which can reach our ears. I happened to see one the other day.

I was passing along a dirt sidewalk, a place carefully dug up, rolled, and kept free from weeds. A motionless grasshopper lay on the walk, and two parallel, zigzag tracks extended from it to the edge of the path. The grasshopper was breathing, but it exhibited no other sign of life. Lest some one should step on the hapless insect, I poked it off the walk with my parasol, saying, "You poor thing! Are you sick? What is the matter with you?"

I walked on. Returning, half an hour later, I was struck by observing the sick grasshopper back in the middle of the path, another irregular double trail extending from it to the edge of the grass. "This is curious," I said. "I must find out what it means."

I sat down on the grass to watch. "All of Nature's secrets will unfold to those who sit down in her presence and watch," I repeated to myself—a quotation, I think, from Thoreau.

Presently I discovered, about two feet from the grasshopper, a hole in the dirt, which a blue digger-wasp was excavating. The situation began to dawn on me, and to increase in interest. "Here is one of those insect tragedies," I said. The wasp was most industrious. I could not help contrasting her tireless movements with those of a man who works around my place. "Evidently this is a job worker, not a day laborer," I said.

She brought up little balls of earth with her two short fore legs. She backed up and out of the hole, and tossed the pellets under her. Thus a half-circle of earth, a tiny mound, grew around the hole. Seeing this, the insect scratched along the mound, and tossed the earth further back. After that she kept a level surface about the hole, stepping back two or three inches with her load of earth.

So lightly and dexterously were these diggings disposed of that not an atom of earth fell back into the cavity as the wasp trotted up and down. Now she brought up larger balls, as big as a pea, evidently taxing her full strength. They were always held by the fore legs, the head assisting, thrown back under the body, and dispersed with light touches of the back feet.

Suddenly the wasp stopped as if a thought had struck her. She rose into the air and took a few flying circles. She fixed her cruel eyes on the benumbed grasshopper. Yes, it was there all right, but she would fetch it nearer. She flew to it, sat astride of it, and, seizing its head with her two fore feet, walked with her other legs, two on each side. Here was a manifest advantage in having many legs. Two of them could serve as hands, and still one could be a quadruped. The grasshopper's limp hind legs, the hoppers, trailing in the sand, produced the parallel lines which I had first observed. Having brought her burden a few inches nearer to the hole, the wasp left it and went on with her digging. After that she alternated between deepening the grave and bringing the victim nearer. At length the hole was deep enough to satisfy the wasp. It was two and a half inches down, about the size of my thumb. Once more she took a flying tour of inspection, then sat astride the grasshopper, and walked it till its head overhung the hole. Then she backed down, seized the big insect by the head, and pulled it after her. Both were hidden from view for perhaps two minutes. A significant silence reigned above. I knew that the wasp was laying an egg in the other insect's body. Presently she emerged and began filling up the grave. Facing away from it, she caught particles of earth and threw them under her, invariably, plump into the hole. Then she faced about, crawled down, and with her head adjusted and packed the earth, keeping up, meanwhile, a curious buzzing sound. This, I fancied, was a song of fierce triumph and exultation. "Lie still there, you big thing! You can't get away! You can't! I've got you!"

The wasp scratched and tossed and poked a long time, till the hole existed no more, and the earth around was smoothed and leveled. Captain Kidd's treasure was not more securely buried than was that living grasshopper, destined to serve as food for the wasp larva when it should emerge from the egg, and until, its perfect growth being attained and its wings formed, it could dig itself out of the ground.

Then the wasp calmly lifted her wings, circled about the spot a few times, and flew away.

Is not this as cruel a deed as any we read of among men in the Dark Ages?

And overhead, along the path, hundreds of feet pass daily, heedless of like insect tragedies which are being enacted two inches below.

Why did I not dig up and set the grasshopper free? Well, I thought about it, but wouldn't that be interfering with nature? Every digger-wasp comes into being by the sacrifice of another creature's life. I hoped that the victim, paralyzed, drugged by the poison of the sting, would be rendered unconscious of suffering to the bitter end. If I should release it, vitality might never return. Besides, I was forced to admire the grace and dexterity with which the wasp had dug that hole. Her pitiless energy, her untiring, calm intentness, were like relentless fate. I did

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not like to spoil so fine a piece of work. And behind it all lay the maternal instinct.

The grasshopper was clearly several times the size and weight of the wasp.

God is Love

By the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon

"The idea which men have of God," said a thoughtful writer, "is the most important of all influences on their religious character and tone of mind. They become as what they worship. If justice, Jews; if goodness, Christians. When men think of God chiefly as the Supreme Mind, they are philosophic; when chiefly as the Supreme Will, they are superstitious; regarding him as a Sovereign, they strive to be his servants; as a Father, his sons."

We can feel the truth of this view.

(I.) It is inevitable that our main thought of God should color our religious life, and through it our ordinary life among men. The quality of our service will differ with the relationship we bear to those we serve. If we are afraid of them, we shall be timid, scrupulous in all work which comes under their eye, and along with our dread we shall cherish a subtle dislike. If we expect to win something from them, we shall be ostentatious in little acts of exaggerated service, and we shall catch ourselves acting as though we were challenging attention to the quality or quantity of our service. If we love them, all timidity and artifice will pass away. Simplicity of feeling will help forward single-mindedness of conduct. We shall serve with zeal, completeness, and trustworthiness because we love. It is true that love exercises a purifying influence over service.

It is, therefore, no small influence for good upon the human character when the relationship between God and man is that of Love. We do not render service to a taskmaster. We do not seek to be good out of fear, which means that we have no real love for good. We do not seek to be good for the sake of reward, for love's service is given for love's sake, and not for fee or gain. To know, therefore, that God is Love is to have in possession a thought and truth which, if we give it full play, tends to purify the dispositions, desires, and motives of our nature. When we pray that God would cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, we are not praying for a magical result. We are praying for the power which in its very nature does purify the heart; for we are praying for the cleansing power of that love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit.

The same thought may reach us in another way. God is Love. God therefore desires for us the very best that can be. He cannot wish us ill, but only good. "Love worketh no ill to its neighbor," said St. Paul; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. And Love worketh no ill to its children. Therefore God can only seek man's highest good, and man's highest good is in character. All other good is only good in seeming, or good transient. Wealth is only good in seeming, knowledge is only good in transition; but character abides, while knowledge and prophecy vanish away. And this abiding good, called character, is the good which God desires for his children. To be perfect as our Father is perfect is the end of life. Thus we reach the same thought—God who is Love seeks the purifying and elevation of our characters. The gift of an inward and abiding Spirit, or the helping of our thoughts and desires into higher levels, is the work of his love. When we understand and lay hold of this, our hearts are purified by faith.

To understand that God is Love, and to realize that his Love seeks and must seek our highest good, and that this good is in our spiritual resemblance to God our Father, is to take hold of a principle which enlightens our eyes as we look out on life.

(II.) The enlightenment of life through love.

It need not be denied that there are many enigmas in life. There are dark vicissitudes whose meaning we seek to penetrate. There are puzzling problems for which we vainly seek an answer. Who can understand why pain falls on the innocent, and, as it sometimes seems, the heaviest penalty on those who have not sinned the most? Who can explain why disease should descend from generation to generation? why the fathers should eat sour grapes and the children's teeth be set on edge? It would be vain to pretend to answer these and a hundred other questions which the sorrows, griefs, and pangs of humanity suggest. But two things need to be remembered, which, if they do not give answers to these hard questions, yet lift somewhat their burden.

1. Love must seek the highest good. The highest good is greatness, purity, goodness of character. The highest good is therefore spiritual—not physical, not intellectual. Now, the bulk of the difficult questions touch physical or intellectual problems. The ills that flesh is heir to and the mental perplexities awakened by strange questions press heaviest upon us. We cannot, because of physical limitation and infirmity, do all that we wish. We cannot, because of the boundlessness of the universe and the weak pinions of reason, explore all knowledge and bring back answers to all questions. But meanwhile the opportunities of goodness, kindness, and truth lie at our door. It is not possible to escape the boundaries of the flesh or to break the bars of thought; but it is possible to cherish good and loving thoughts. It is possible to live a life which is governed by the law of love and to carry the law of kindness in our lips. Body and mind may complain that their scope is limited, but love's hour is always present.

Now, love's scope is best seen in hours of trial and pain. Women's love—on which poets and novelists were wont to enlarge, till with modern romance women's love became a baser theme—women's love was seen in its most brilliant colors in the hour of need. Then the capricious and wayward woman became a ministering angel. In other words, grief and pain were the fields of love. In these was love made manifest. Similarly the nobler qualities of character reveal themselves in hours of emergency and danger. Courage asserts itself in the hour of peril—on the battlefield and on the sinking deck; humanity and presence of mind in the midst of panic and risk—in the outbreaking of the fire or in the hospital ward. Does it not seem as though the finer aspects of character would have had little scope except in a world where pain and peril existed? Now these finer qualities do not appear only in moments of sudden heroism. They are sometimes and more often seen in the quiet fidelity and prolonged patience of love, in the ministry of devoted and self-denying lives. The poorest cottage and the most wretched garret can often tell tales of unmarked and generous ministry. Lifelong tests are more severe, though perhaps not so brilliant, as momentary tests. To plunge into the ocean and save a drowning child, to climb the burning building and snatch some terror-stricken woman from the flames, to suck the poison from the malignant throat, are acts of heroism, noble and worthy—we rightly yield homage to those who achieve them. But to give up much that life holds dear, to sacrifice ambition, ease, home comfort, for the sake of an invalid sister or a stricken father and mother, is heroism which is frequently too protracted and too obscure to win applause. Was not Charles Lamb as heroic as many a man to whom the Humane Society has given a medal? And it is on fields like these that tenderness and pity and such high qualities have shown themselves. As stars on the background of the midnight sky, the higher qualities of human nature have been seen among the dark mysteries of life.

When we remember, then, that dark things not only reveal but call forth the better and higher dispositions of man, may we not see that the burden of some perplexing problems is somewhat lightened? The problems are not solved, but the questions do not sound as bitter as before. Love seeks the highest good, and therefore love sets out the field of life in such a sort that the best qualities of life may be called forth.

2. Love seeks the freest good. God, who loves freely, wants our love as freely in return. He therefore will not enforce our love or compel our faith. The possession of freedom is a responsibility which plays a part in human

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education. But freedom is not the same as immunity from conditions. When we play the game, we are free to play our own game, but according to the rules. Life is like a game of chess. We may move our pieces where we please, but each piece has its assigned move. Out of the combination of our freedom and the fixed powers of the men come our discipline and skill in playing the game. If pettishly we refuse to observe the fixed powers of knight or castle, we simply lose the pleasure and profit of the game. It ceases to be a game. The laws of life are like the rules of the game. Break the chess rules and we only provoke disappointment. Break the laws of life and we only meet grief. It is no part of true love, therefore, to relax laws or alter rules in order to please our fancy. Our profit is our ultimate joy. Therefore the sacred writer, speaking of the inexorable laws of life which God the Father will not alter, and which are as the chastisement of our perversity, says, "He for our profit" chastens us.

The character could not ripen save under clear and well-defined conditions which gave scope to freedom and yet checked caprice. Love which is weak and foolish tries to spare its children pain. Love which is wise and strong knows that experience must play a large, perhaps the largest, share in education. Few—do any?—few learn from the experience of others. "I perceive," said a wise man who had vainly counseled his son, "that every man must be his own fool." To check the education by experience is often to tamper with the freedom. The fullness of life's lesson is not otherwise learned. And God, who is Love, leaves his children to learn through experience. His laws safeguard much and yet provide the sphere of education.

It needs, however, an eye akin with God's to perceive his will and his way. Then, when we perceive how Love is at the back of all life's discipline and pain, we are like those who have hold of the silver thread which leads through the labyrinth. We may not understand all, but we know that the thread of which we have hold will lead us to the heart of the mystery. We know that all things work together for good to them that love God. They work for our good—not always, indeed, for the happiness we have coveted, not always for our prosperity, not always for our good as the world counts good, but always for good, always for the ennobling, purifying, and enkindling of our spirit with trust and love. Always for good—for the good of those about us, for the enlargement and improvement of the world. Our pain may be constant, our cross may have to be borne, that the world may be helped. We begin to see to what a high calling we are called. We are partakers of Christ's sufferings; and the glory of the cross is made manifest in us—we share the work of sacrifice. We learn to love; we learn to forget ourselves. The perplexities of life are less to us; the duties and opportunities are more. We have learned that God is Love, and that he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in Him, and God in him.

A Unique Gathering

By Helen M. North

A tendency to gregariousness and social intercourse, a reaction, perhaps, from the solitary living of the early Puritan farmers, is a noticeable feature of modern life in many of the hill-towns of New England. In a picturesque little village of western Massachusetts, once known as "Boston No. 1," to-day called Charlemont, this tendency has manifested itself in many ways, but the most unique and beautiful of these is the annual Old Folks' Gathering, the twenty-seventh anniversary of which was recently celebrated.

The day selected for the "Gathering" is always an early one in September, when skies are likely to be clear, the sun bright yet not too warm, and the roads in good condition. All the Deerfield Valley may come if it will, but only those of seventy years and over may become members of the Old Folks' Society, and it is for these that the entertainment is provided. The bright young girl and the smart young man are not regarded to-day; silver heads, bended forms, and dimmed eyes are the distinguishing marks of the guests of honor.

By ten o'clock in the morning all the roads leading to Charlemont are dark with conveyances, in most of which an old grandfather or grandmother is sitting. carefully wrapped up and tended by grandchildren or other friends. Lonely ones who have no family are sought out and brought by some friendly young hand.

A large hall has been arranged with loving care for the comfort and pleasure of the aged guests. Christian Endeavor young people, assisted by the middle generation, have collected the bright flowers of late summer, and walls and tables smile and bloom in scarlet and purple and yellow. Rows and rows of cozy home rocking-chairs have been sent in from all the houses along the river street, and are conveniently placed around the platform so that failing ears may hear and fading eyes may see all that takes place. Some chairs have pretty cushions and head-rests; some are decked with "tidies;" all are comfortable and selected for the pleasure they will give the aged folk, many of whom have come long miles over the hills and are wearied with the journey.

A cordial greeting as the old people alight at the door is not the least delightful feature of the gathering. It is touching to see old eyes brighten as some strong young man or sweet-faced girl from the little army of ushers provided for the occasion helps an old lady or gentleman from the carriage, and, with a hearty "Good-morning! glad to see you here again!" leads the aged one down the aisle to a cozy rocker.

By eleven o'clock all the rocking-chairs are full and are gently swinging to and fro. Old friends are meeting for the first time since last year's reunion; schoolmates of long ago greet each other by names familiar in youth; old eyes sparkle as one and another and another well-known form is led down the aisle, and tears spring to the eyes in the fullness of happy feeling.

There is more in the scene than mere handshaking and good cheer. Fathers and mothers with the young people make up the audience in the seats just behind the rocking-chairs. Young affections are turned towards old gray heads, and the hearts of the middle generation, pressed with the burden and heat of the day, freshen and glow with resolves to show greater forbearance to the sometimes trying old father and mother. The white heads are near heaven—that thought is present to all hearts to-day—and as the reality of the unseen is emphasized, an inspiration to higher and more spiritual living is awakened.

The formal exercises of the day begin with devotion. "Dundee" or "Coronation" or "Ortonville" or some other favorite of the old days is usually sung, and quavering voices often join. The mortuary record is read by the secretary, this year by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, secretary *pro tem.*, whose summers are passed in this her childhood home, and whose cheering presence each year is one of the pleasures to which the old people look forward with delight. Tributes to the departed members follow the reading, and the rocking-chairs move slowly while tender tears fall to the memory of those but lately of their number.

A list of the names and ages of members is taken each year, the members rising in response to "those over ninety, eighty-nine, eighty-eight," etc., down to seventy. Pride shows strangely here, and those who are heaviest with years are the stars of the occasion. A handsome bouquet is presented to the oldest person present, and the gift is highly valued.

Speeches by invited guests and others, interspersed with music by a choir trained for the occasion, fill up the afternoon. Tender reminiscences, words of advice, encouragement, and sympathy, stories of Christian experience, of heavy burdens bravely borne, or hope and trust for the future, all these hold the happy listeners in pleased attention, and the closing hour comes all too soon. Good-bys are said with the chastened spirit of those who realize that this may be their last meeting on earth; the long line of carriages again darkens the radiating roads; the rocking-chairs go home to the daily prose or poetry of their sur-

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roundings, and the Old Folks' Gathering for this year is over.

But for days and weeks to come, and until the near approach of next year's reunion shall replace memory with anticipation, the old people of the valley and on the hillsides will recall the events of this happy day in the midst of their quiet lives.

The custom so long and pleasantly observed grew out of a birthday picnic party given to the old people of Charlemont by an elderly lady, twenty-eight years ago. So happy did the occasion prove, so rich was the enjoyment afforded the old people, that an association of men and women of seventy years and over was formed, officers were duly chosen, and the reunion as a yearly custom was agreed upon.

Five similar associations have since been formed, one in South Dakota, one in Iowa, one in Nebraska, one in South Weymouth, Mass., and one in Oswego, N. Y., which latter is called "The Old Settlers' Club," and numbers 700 members; two of its members boast the advanced ages of 102 and 106.

The Deerfield Valley reunions serve to cement the ties between families, towns, and churches, and thus increase the usefulness of home and church.

The Ladies St. Gêne

A Story of New Orleans Life

By Elizabeth Cumings

"What one cannot change it is wise to endure in patience," Père Joseph would observe to the brother who happened to be his assistant when, as was often, some fresh bit of irritating talk would drift into the bare little room where he wrote his sermons. "We have to take most of this world as we find it. Now, we accept a man's nose, but his disposition, which he was also born to, we find fault with. The world's *petites singularités* should be accepted with the philosophy we bring to noses. It is terrible, the number of scandal-plants that grow from the clever seed-planting of the ladies St. Gêne. But what can be done! Each man to his trade, and mine is not to change the St. Gêne way; and it is a way, my son. They see like clairvoyants. They know without being told things people would hide, and, as wise men can construct a whole immense beast living in remote periods from a fragment of bone, so they can fabricate a long romance from the movement of an eyelash. They are, Heaven help us! artists in scandal."

Here the little man would refresh himself with a pinch of snuff, of which he was childishly fond, and usually, after several rapturous sniffs, he would add kindly: "But, spite of their *petites singularités*, the ladies St. Gêne are good creatures, and of excellent family. Ah, there is no doubt about their blood! We have no people in St. Ancient's superior to le famille St. Gêne."

The assistant, in changing personalities, always disagreed with Père Joseph on this subject. The assistant was always young, and the young are always, bless them! severe. One assistant went the length of asking the Archbishop, whose remote kin they were, to admonish them. But nothing came of it. The Archbishop was a wise man, and knew that all things have limits, even the powers of Archbishops.

The sisters Adorine Marie and Honorine Marie were twins, and, as any one who knows New Orleans will tell you, the St. Gêne blood was of the most perfect blue tint. Their mother was an Alhaiza, a name of equal consideration, and in her youth was considered a great beauty. It was perhaps because of this fact that after her marriage she became by easily imaginable stages a terrible domestic despot, a kind of goddess of selfishness before whom children and servants groveled and trembled. Madame Broyard, the wife of a cousin of the twins, of course on the St. Gêne side, sometimes could not contain herself when Madame St. Gêne was mentioned. It was through her that Père Joseph knew the twins' story.

"They were but sixteen when the war came!" Madame Broyard would cry, spreading out her plump hands. "And, mon Dieu! what happened? Father, brothers, and lovers marched away with General Beauregard, and the father and brothers got themselves shot directly. That was the way of the St. Gênes. The lovers were the brothers De Ferrier, and more descreet. Well, well! Then those Yankees freed the blacks. Oh, what impossible things happened then! But you know. You were in Natchez. Well, well, two servants stayed by the St. Gêne ladies—old Rouseau, who had but one good eye, but who was a marvel of a cook, and his wife, Mom Celeste, who had a withered leg, but was a marvel of a seamstress and modiste. Mom Celeste nursed the sisters in their infancy, and would not leave them, and old Rouseau would not leave her. Well, well, it was these two who made the fortunes of the family when they remove from the charming great house in the street St. Charles down to the old house on the street Bourbon, where lived the grandfather St. Gêne in old times. With old madame it was all 'me, me.' Self-denial was impossible to her. She must be served. The daughters became as slaves, and when the brothers De Ferrier return, and arrange their little affairs as was possible after such prostration of war, and declare themselves eager to marry les demoiselles St. Gêne, their mother, la vieille égoïste, went into an attaque des nerfs. They send for me. I find her weeping and crying, 'How can *I* live with relations-in-law! Who knows what may happen! Was not Madame Toutant found dead in bed after her son's marriage to cette petite chatte, Valena Rochon! Oh, I have not long for this world! My heart flutters like a bird after I eat. I have such sensibility! Holy Mother of God! what will become of me!'

"Then she would change the tune, and cry, 'Marry, my children! What does your pauvre maman matter! She is old. Let her die. That is all that is left for the old. A tomb and a few wreaths!' Adorine did not yield at once, as did Honorine. Adorine is an hour the oldest, and the most stubborn. But when Madame cried, 'Oh, to be an old woman, thrust into holes and corners! One too many! Always one too many!' she say, did Adorine, 'We will wait a while.' Ah, my friend, you have heard of the camel's nose! Yes, yes! The brothers De Ferrier were fine men. They wait one, two, three year. But business call them to Mobile. All things end, even patience. One, then the other, marry. The sisters obliterate themselves more and more for Madame mère after that, and she live—but why need I tell you what you know?—she live, the old crocodile, to be ninety-one, and die then of accident. Ma foi!

"It was Adorine who first conquer pride, and go forth to sew for the public at a dollar and a half the day. Soon Honorine take turns with her. You see, there were their petites économies de ménage, for old Rouseau, and then old Mom Celeste, die. It was admirable the way they contrive from the first, when left to such service as could be hired. They was never yet seen with cheeks afire and toilet dérangé at work. Non. But their court and passage had always newly reddened bricks, and their stairs and their petit salon are always spotless, and their coffee and chocolat are superb. And let me tell you more! Never have they borrow. My dear old man has a heart of butter and honey, and he would say often to them, 'Cousins, lean upon me if there be necessity.' But they never lean. As for their gift at relating little dramas, that come from genius, and wishing to amuse the 'pauvre maman.' Yes, yes! It begin with the first going forth to sew. Maman was told the story of each day! It is not wonderful they have become faiseuses d'histoires incomparables."

This history Madame Broyard told at least once each year, usually when the sisters had been more than commonly flagrant in their mischief-making; and Père Joseph heard it with the same gradual warming of the heart, the same excusing pity, as at first. He perhaps took more snuff during the latest recital. But then he took more snuff every year. He was, after all, but human.

And the ladies St. Gêne grew more and more necessary to their little world after their exacting mother at last found rest in the family tomb. Not even the costumes

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turned out at the great magazine des modes of Mme. Palange, on Canal Street, had more elegance and *chic* than had their creations, and when it came to making over old gowns they were unsurpassable. They were engaged months ahead, and received the most flattering consideration everywhere in the old French quarter. Still, as their powers grew of "relating little dramas," and grew more perfect, their appearance woke apprehension, even in breasts quite innocent of grisly secrets, and caused absolute terror to folk with anything "on their minds," for the years caused them to see everything, so to speak, out of focus, and as all the world looks green and twisted through a bit of seamy, green bottle-neck, so what they saw met with a subtle transmutation. It is amazing how truthfully a thing can be told and yet produce an untruthful impression. But, as all things end in this world, so was the mischief-making of the ladies St. Gêne to be finished in the year '90.

One morning, when the Cape jasmines were filling the air with delicious scents, and the world seemed full of joy, Narcisse, bringing in Père Joseph's breakfast at eleven o'clock, found that good man apparently fast asleep. He had been praying and watching with an old friend all night down by the Bayou St. John. The friend was dead, and Père Joseph was just returned. Narcisse hesitated. Père Joseph was worn out, but—there was the omelet with cheese, his favorite, and a bit of delicious red snapper broiled to a turn and hot. "I will wake him gently," thought Narcisse, and began singing a song which has a chorus something like this in English, "Snap-bug no rights when chicken 'round." Père Joseph slept on, and something made Narcisse come close and look into his face. The next moment he had roused the house, and in fact the whole street, for Père Joseph belonged to everybody, black, yellow, whitest white. Before another hour the mourning decorations were over the door, and in every house for many squares there were tears, for, if the little father was not learned or brilliant, he had led a busy, tender, unselfish life.

"It will have to be a superior man who follows him," said Honorine Marie St. Gêne to her sister, after the solemn requiem mass, and coughing a little, as she always did at incense. "Père Joseph had a heart of gold."

"His head was not gold," whispered Adorine. "My word for it, we will have a man of intellect next. It is with churches as with men in taking wives. The second wife is, you know, always the opposite of the first. Me—I shall like it. When a man attempts to preach, I want to hear something. Père Joseph had but one sermon. It was, 'Be good, my children, and you will be happy.'"

As usual, Adorine was right. A Roman scholar who had written books was appointed to St. Ancient's, and the fame of his pulpit powers, which lost nothing *en route* from Washington, whence he came, puffed up the whole parish to bursting. The Sunday before he came, however, the assistant, Père Bernard, preached, and he made the most of his opportunity. Born and reared on Bourbon Street, he remembered the ladies St. Gêne as long as he remembered himself, and he had many a time longed to yank their neat, respectable heads off. In spite of the mourning for Père Joseph, two dreadful scandals were buzzing in the parish. One was about Jean Desdunes, who had, more is the pity, really gotten drunk. The other was about the Ternoirs' new son-in-law. Father Ternoir refused to re-rent his pews in St. Ancient's because of the talk. He said so plainly. "I must have the cause," said Père Bernard. "You owe it to me, M'sieu."

"Well, well! to begin, it is said I am gone at night from my family," cried the badgered old gentleman, who hated explanations, and rubbing up his wisps of hair so he looked like an elderly cockatoo. "Now, I ride miles and miles on Diana, my pet mare, because I cannot sleep. That is all. On my word, all. Then there is my wife, who lies in a hammock all day and reads and reads, to forget the trouble *I* make her! Just Heaven! She reads and lies still, because she is dying of an internal cancer. Reading is a kind of opium. It makes you forget. Our daughter Felicié is an artist. She studies from the figure, and sends her work to New York. What tales are told of her! What know old women, who have stippled little flat flowers in water-color from little flat studies, of the needs of a great artist like my Felicié! My daughter Elodié is said to be gone months and months! Yes. She teaches in a Northern conservatory the harp and voice, and sometimes she gives a concert. It is said she travels with—a show! Worst of all is the talk about Modesto, my Josephine's husband. He is the son of my old friend. But they say he is a mûlatre! He was born in Santos, Brazil, and had a great-great-grandmother who was Portuguese. All the rest is pure French. It makes me ill thinking of the abominations simmering in people's heads. We remain in New Orleans during my wife's life. Then we go, I care not where."

Père Bernard wrote his never-forgotten sermon on the tongue that very night. Sunday dawned as hot as a blister, but some people listening to him had big shivers running up and down their backs, and at least half the congregation held their breaths, as, shaking a long forefinger at the twin sisters sitting quite unterrified in their pew, he cried shrilly: "Adepts in evil uses of the tongue are excused too often under the plea, 'They mean no harm. It is only their way.' Rest assured God makes no such excu e for them. They tell no lies and make no mischief who tell no tales whatever. I speak to you with special purpose. Deep, I fear irremediable, mischief has been wrought in this parish by two cunning tongues, shuttles of Satan. I could name them to you, but I forbear. The time is coming, though, I warn you, when eminent sinners in this regard will be admonished publicly."

We all have our dull streaks. Adorine and Honorine, who remembered Père Bernard in roundabouts, waited to speak to him. The vestry steps were freshly painted, and he must pass through the little church. He had come of very plain people, and Adorine believed a word from a St. Gêne was a high honor, even for a bishop, who off the altar is but a man. "We want to thank you," she said, with vast condescension. "We think your sermon will do good. You spoke eloquently."

"I am glad you think so." Père Bernard had fighting blood in his veins, and it boiled in him, else he would have remembered that Adorine was, after all, but an old woman. "I meant you and your sister, especially. You are two terrible women."

The sisters turned and in wordless agitation fell into each other's arms, and the throng about them melted away, feeling that the kindest course. They went home slowly. Madame Broyard, waddling along a side street with her husband going home from the cathedral, exclaimed as she caught sight of them, "Cæsar, the twins are aging. Adorine's back is bending, and Honorine's head seems to shake. Alas, how time flies!"

The sun rose hotter and hotter. One morning Honorine could not rise. The next day Adorine fell by her bed in a dead faint. The young American doctor called in by the frightened servant, who was Mom Celeste's last successor, said it was the drainage, and when Père Bernard, who was called a little later, came, he talked to him learnedly about "pernicious remittent fever," and said that only people of brass and wrought steel could have lived all those years in the old house, which was little better than a trap of death spite of its wrought-iron balconies and the rows and rows of violets between the palms in the court.

The sisters died before the week ended, flitting away into the mysterious world so close to this, almost together. "Hand in hand, as became twins," said Madame Broyard, who had watched over them with fussy tenderness. "And never in my life have I seen two so prepared." She was an authority on funeral preparations and grave clothes, and spoke with rapturous if decorous admiration. "Their layers of linen were in perfect order. Not a button was gone. There was absolutely nothing to do but to make the toilette pour la tomb, and pray for the repose of their souls. It was a marvel, the condition of their bureaus and armoires. They were modèles parfaites—so to say, patterns."

The doctor's death certificate was full of Latin words, and he warmly assured Père Bernard, in a strictly private

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interview, that no impression on the nerves, however violent, could produce results such as characterized the clinical history of the illness of the sisters St. Gêne. But a tender conscience goaded the young priest into almost a frenzy of regret, and he spent a year in severest penance. There were, however, moments, even when he was giddy from fasting, when a voice seemed to tell him plainly, "You did but your duty," but he never dared to listen to it.

A Suggestion for Editors

By Clara E. Laughlin

This suggestion is, as the label says, for editors, but there is no objection to its being read by writers. Of course they will not feel at all disposed to heed it, for writers almost never heed suggestions except those that are accompanied by checks, and then only half willingly, sometimes, because editors' ideas are almost always different from their own most cherished ones.

The suggestion offered to editors is that a league be formed against certain forms of production—or overproduction—one type of which calls for such immediate action that I specify it in particular. I call it the "little child shall lead them" story.

Zangwill complained plaintively in a recent article that if he were a play or novel hero and engaged to be married, and should suddenly come upon his betrothed in the arms of some stranger of the male persuasion, he would not leave her at once in despair and without asking an explanation, but would know from other men's experience that it was only her erring and long-lost father or brother returned in secret. Secure in this knowledge, he would go forward at once, proclaiming his belief in her sweet innocence, thus saving further complications of plot and further postponement of the climax.

This is a hint, delicately conveyed, which one hopes will have a wide effect. It is a much-needed hint, but not so sorely needed as mine, I think. It doesn't do much good to send back these objectionable stories, for we usually send them accompanied by the regulation slip of regret which, in most cases, states plainly and soothingly that the return of the manuscript is no reflection on its literary or other merits. Now, this may be true, though usually it is not. But the editor is a kindly person, whatever some people may think and however much he may be entitled to be of all persons the most unkind, so he uses the polite little fiction for one and all alike. Encouraged by the editor's fiction and by the frequent articles which appear for the comfort of aspiring authors, and which tell how one's work should be sent, and sent *ad infinitum* until it is received somewhere, the writer of the once-rejected tale *does* send and send it, until it either accumulates a vast collection of polite slips saying that it is not refused from lack of merit, in which event its author decides, bitterly, that merit does not count nowadays; or else it presently finds a place somewhere because some poor editor, after having read forty-four "little child shall lead them" stories in one afternoon, concludes that it must, after all, be a popular species, and so, wearily, gives it room in his paper.

The editor who sends these tales back, with his lying slip, knows that in a week's time some of his brothers in trade will have to look at that same tale and send it back with that same kind of a slip, unless, perchance, he is so weak as to keep it. Yet what can he do otherwise?

If he is kinder than he is wise, he probably writes personal letters to some of these authors and advises them kindly; but these letters seldom or never meet with any grateful acceptance. Not only does the recipient fail to write one line of thanks or reply, but he or she usually goes right on in the way which the editor warned against, sure that nothing but vulgar prejudice or insatiate cruelty could have dictated such advice. Sometimes this assurance is communicated to the editor in an abusive letter. Most editors have choice collections of these epistles. Once in a year, perhaps, the editor gets a neat little note of grateful acknowledgment, and the shock of surprise is frequently all but fatal. Collections of these latter are about as numerous as collections of Vinegar Bibles.

So what can any one poor editor do? In the individual case it is a hapless and hopeless circumstance, but in union there is strength. I propose that in every editorial office there be prepared printed slips stating that unless the little child can find some other occupation than the few he has lately worked to excess, he will have no hearing in any editorial office in this suffering country. I offer the following classifications as certainly to be included in the boycott, and every editor will doubtless think of others that ought to be included:

1. All tales wherein a husband and wife who have quarreled and lived apart for years are brought together in sweet peace and love by the tactful intervention of their only child.

2. All tales wherein maiden sisters, who have not spoken to each other since their mother died and they quarreled about the property, are reconciled by a niece or nephew who comes to one or both of them from another sister who has been a prodigal and died in the West.

3. All tales wherein crusty old men who have been misers and misanthropes for sixty years are made philanthropists by the advent into their house or neighborhood of a small girl or boy named Fauntleroy or Saint Elizabeth or something of the kind.

4. All tales wherein drunkards or gamblers or other manner of desperate men are converted, in the twinkling of an eye, by a baby who sings hymns, or a little Sunday-school girl who gives out tracts.

5. All tales wherein "fresh-air funders" come to stiff and barren homes, and so work upon the feelings of the inmates that they keep the said "funders" for aye and ever and leave them all their fortune, or else, through the unselfish intervention of these angels from the slums, send for the prodigal sons or daughters of the house and restore them to favor and heirship.

6. All stories of "How Ruthie Grew Contented."

7. All stories of "How Gracie Raised the Mortgage"—which she usually does by winning a great prize in the nick of time, or by writing stories which shake the world to its foundation and bring her heaps of shining gold.

8. All stories of the kind Bill Nye described as containing a dear little boy who, though but five and a half and crippled, took in back stairs to scrub and supported his widowed mother and sent his sister to college.

9. All stories of children who talk familiarly with Governors or Presidents, and get them to make or unmake all sorts of beneficent laws, to execute pardons and refuse spoils and the like.

10. All maudlin and impossible tales wherein children are put through paces by sentimental or didactic authors, and made to do unlikely if not impossible things either for the edification of the young or for the mawkish delectation of the mature.

Lowell says somewhere that an attempt at originality is only a mockery. He says that, to such as attempt it, Homer and Dante and Cervantes and Shakespeare and Goethe seem to say, "Ah! outside of us is chaos." All of which is very true, but Homer never wrote of a "fresh-air funder," and Goethe never sang a song of Fauntleroy. Outside of the comparatively few "eternal verities" *is* chaos, but these stories against which I wage are *not* verities, although they bid fair to be eternal. And although these eternal verities are the same without regard to time or clime, Dante is not like Cervantes, in spite of the fact that each wrote of a Wanderjahre; Scott is not like Schiller, though both wrote of Mary Stuart; and Mary Wilkins is not like Mrs. Gaskell, though both have immortalized "neighborhood types."

Child life has given to literature, as to all the world, some, yea many, of its finest beauties. All sorts of children lend their tender enchantment to the pages of books, from little Ascanius to Sentimental Tommy; from the sweetest and winningest and manliest of all boys, the Boy of Nazareth, to those wholesome and perennial types of hearty, healthy, lovely girlhood who make "Little Women" a literary classic: from the untypical if appealing children

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of Dickens to the riotously natural "Bad Boy" of Aldrich, and Twain's unapproachable Huckleberry Finn.

In fact, what with Froebel and the child-study association and like things, it may fairly be said that the literature of childhood promises to be the one certain form of literature in which the best is yet to be said. With these maudlin and fearfully prevalent stories such as I have described let us have done! Nothing but a concerted effort will discourage their production. Who will join the crusade?

Proportionate Living

By Elizabeth Elliot

Red branches and yellow ones begin to flame out in the green goldenrod and asters to star the meadows, and the summer people who have made the mountains and the seaside so populous and noisy are turning their faces homeward, and leaving them to their silences and solitudes. Busy mothers turn with a sigh from their summer rest, though to them it is not all rest in vacation, with its promiscuous company and bad drains, its too varied food and frocks, and its divided interests of the children in the country and papa alone at home.

One of these busy women remarked the other day, "Summer is rather enforced leisure to me. I have to stop everything during the hot weather because every one does, and one can't go on turning the world round all by one's self; but I feel every day how much in arrears I am getting, and how hard I shall have to work to catch up, and the prospect tires me more than the vacation rests me."

She was an attractive woman, neither young nor old, but just at the happiest time life holds for most of us. "Sweet and twenty" may smile incredulous, but youth, with its strenuous desires and plans, its keen suffering from the unaccustomed pain of disappointment, its unconscious angularities and crudities, and its desperate clutching at what it thinks happiness, is not half so comfortable as those more placid years when we have either received or adjusted ourselves to doing without life's best gifts, when we have by virtue of necessity learned to take life as it comes, thanking God for the sweet and saying as little as we may about the bitter, and when age, with its limitations and dependence, has not yet come to stare us in the face. Then, if ever, is the time when a woman has "a heart at leisure from herself," when she wears a well-fitting gown and a becoming bonnet, but has long ago ceased to worry over her freckles or her finger-nails, or to wear her boots or her belts too tight.

But, alas! how many of them miss the aroma of those blessed years! How many women, careful and troubled about many things, forget to look at life in the large, and in doing so to really live! How many women of our acquaintance have any just sense of the true proportions of their lives? The average woman is just as much distressed when the cook burns six loaves of bread as she is when Jack is sent home from school in disgrace; she puts as much vitality and nervous energy into embroidering the baby's flannel petticoat as she does into training her to truth and obedience.

We often find ourselves wondering why life nowadays is so busy and hurried and complicated; why we have no time to read, no time to be neighborly, no time to do many of the altogether admirable things which our mothers did before us. May not one explanation be that we have not learned the secret of proportionate living, settled the relative importance of duties and interests, and the consequent amount of time and vital strength to give to each?

More than one busy and conscientious woman, as the swift train bears her homeward, is planning her winter campaign. She is thinking of the house to open and make comfortable and beautiful, of new servants to train, of the family wardrobes to prepare, of the thousand little home things that require attention. And she feels that this year she must give all her time to her home. There are the children, who need her companionship as well as her care; there is the aging mother or husband's mother who looks to her for the comfort of life, and whose gentle presence she feels may not be long with her. And last year her husband complained that she was always too tired to go out with him. This winter she will go with him to the Philharmonics, which he enjoys so much, and hear some of the great operas. And she must make an hour a day to read, for last year she found herself getting frightfully behind the world. And one day in the week she must give to the sewing-class, not only to teaching them, but to visiting and trying to brighten those poor homes. And one afternoon at least she must give to social visiting, for her friends are all forgetting her; and then there are so many new people in the church to whom she should pay some friendly attention. And she does not want to drop out of her club, whose weekly afternoons do so much to give her the mental stimulus she needs; and this winter she will attend properly to her mission work, go regularly to the meetings, be ready to take her part, and take it intelligently. And to each duty and pleasure she assigns its special morning or afternoon, until she despairingly recalls a number she has overlooked, and also the fact that she has planned for about fourteen days in the week with forty-eight hours in each day. And she sees nothing for it but to go on in the old blundering helter-skelter fashion, trying each day to do two days' things, and going to bed each night tired out with the consciousness of having half done everything. It is not half so much what she does that tires a conscientious woman as what she ought to do and doesn't.

There is only one solution to the problem, one way out of the labyrinth. Decide what is really important and essential, and what is incidental and secondary. Then do the important things, and as many of the others as you can manage to keep serene in doing. Better leave them all undone than be one of those hurried, worried, anxious, harassed women, always worn to a wire and trembling on the verge of nervous prostration, who create all around them an atmosphere of unrest that wears every one out.

Settle it definitely in your mind that there are only twenty-four hours in one day, and that the hammer of Thor himself could never beat that precious gold-leaf out into forty-eight, or even into twenty-five, hours. After all, the world used to revolve without your help, and will probably continue to do so long after you have left it; and your family would doubtless much rather have you stay with them than to have you leave ever such a record of achievement behind you.

Lulling the Billows

By Robert P. Ryan

In these days of popular ocean travel, where a transatlantic voyage is thought little more of than a railway journey across our own continent, the facts herein set forth will, we have very little doubt, possess a deep interest for many people, and more especially for those who have realized what it is to be "in peril on the sea."

It has time and again been asserted, with a certain show of truth, that there is "nothing new under the sun;" and certainly this world-worn adage would seem to apply in the present case, inasmuch as there would appear to be a prevalent belief that the almost miraculous effect of oil in lulling a tempestuous sea is quite a latter-day discovery, whereas there is ample evidence to demonstrate that this remarkable phenomenon was known to and taken advantage of by the Phœnicians as well as by the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Indeed, Pliny, the naturalist, had quite a deal to say concerning the action of oil on waves. We are told that the divers of those days were wont to pour a little oil on the water as a means of enabling them to see to the bottom; that the oil lessened the ruffling of the surface and permitted the rays of light to penetrate less interruptedly. And so, from these early times onward, we are able to trace instances of mariners having used oil as a means of facilitating the progress of their vessels through ruffled waters.

We have read in Martin's "Account of the Western

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Islands," published in 1703, that the steward of Kilda, who lived in Pab Bay, was accustomed, in time of storms, to tie a bundle of puddings, made of the fat of sea-fowl, to the end of his cable and let it fall into the sea behind his rudder, so that this might hinder the waves from breaking and calm the sea.

It was known in the middle of the last century that the divers in the Mediterranean used to hold some oil in their mouths before diving and allow it to escape when they had reached a certain depth. The oil rose to the surface, spread out like a film, and enabled them to see the work they were doing. Again, during the great siege of Gibraltar, the British officers had opportunities of observing that the Gibraltar fishermen were accustomed to pour a little oil on the sea that they might be enabled to locate the oysters lying at the bottom. These two instances are obviously of the same class as that mentioned by Pliny.

It was known about the middle of the last century that the fishermen of Lisbon, when about to return into the Tagus, would empty a bottle or two of oil upon the sea to still the surface if they observed too great a surf upon the bar. It was observed also by seal-catchers that when seals were devouring a very oily fish under water (which they frequently do) the waves above became remarkably smooth; and at Newport, in Rhode Island, the sea was generally found to be smooth while any whaling ships were in the harbor, from which it was inferred that the leakage from the oil-barrels had been pumped up with the bilge-water from the holds of the ships and emptied into the ocean.

Now, some of these facts came to the knowledge of that great inductive philosopher, Benjamin Franklin; and how his attention became first directed to the matter he has himself told us: "In 1757, being at sea, in a fleet of ninety-six sail, bound against Louisbourg, I observed the wakes of two of the ships to be remarkably smooth, while all the others were ruffled by the wind, which blew fresh. Being puzzled with the differing appearance, I at last pointed it out to our captain and asked him the meaning of it. 'The cooks,' said he, 'have, I suppose, been just emptying their greasy water through the scuppers, which has greased the sides of those ships a little.' And this answer he gave me with an air of some little contempt. In my own mind I at first slighted his solution, though I was not able to think of another."

But in after years the circumstance recurred to Franklin, corroborated by many other facts, and he resolved to find out whether oil really does smooth the waves, and why it does so. The first thing he did was to make an experiment on a pond at Clapham Common (London). He dropped a little oil on the water. "I saw it spread itself," he says, "with surprising swiftness upon the surface, but the effect of smoothing the waves was not produced, for I had applied it first upon the leeward side of the pond, where the waves were largest, and the wind drove my oil back upon the shore. I then went to the windward side, where they began to form; and there the oil, though not more than a teaspoonful, produced an instant calm over a surface several yards square, which spread amazingly and extended itself gradually till it reached the lee side, making all the quarter of the pond—perhaps half an acre—as smooth as a looking-glass."

His next experiment consisted in the use of a bamboo walking-stick, into the upper joint of which he put a little oil whenever he was about to walk into the country. This enabled him to confirm the result of the former experiment over and over again. On one occasion, while on a visit to Smeaton, the engineer, Franklin was told by Jessop, who afterwards became eminent in the same walk of life, that some flies, drowned in a cup of oil, were seen to rotate and move about as if alive. Franklin having before observed that a film of oil on the surface of water seemed to have a sort of repulsive property, which acted not only among its own particles, but also on other light substances floating on it, conceived that this incident of the flies was only an example of repulsion, as the oil oozed from their bodies. He showed that organized structure had nothing to do with it, for he produced similar movements by placing on the surface of the water small oiled chips cut into the form of a comma; it being noticed that as the oil issued from the points of the commas the chips began to rotate.

The self-taught philosopher next made an experiment in Portsmouth Harbor. The wind was blowing strongly towards the shore. A boat being anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore, a barge made several short voyages out and home to windward or seaward of the boat. A small stream of oil was allowed to flow out continuously into the sea through a hole in the cork of a stone bottle. Franklin and others stood on the shore to watch the effect produced. Between the boat and the shore the influence was not very great; but to seaward of the boat the line marked out by the oil was plainly perceptible, spreading out more and more, and occupying more and more of the surface. The waves continued, but their swell was gentle, and the surface was not broken up into ripple and white foam.

As to the reason why oil thus acts on waves, Franklin conceived that air, when in motion in the shape of wind, rubs on the surface of water and raises it into wrinkles, which, if the wind continues, become the parents of other waves. Every wave, when once formed, instead of subsiding into perfect quietness, subsides only to force up a neighboring portion of water to an equal height—in the same way as a stone dropped into water raises a series of concentric waves around it—and so wave upon wave is continually formed. If, then, oil be poured on the surface of water, and is retained there by its relatively smaller specific gravity, a repulsive power is exerted which drives the particles of oil one from the other, extending them into a film of exquisite tenuity.

At the present time it is a common practice for mariners to try to save their vessels by casting oil upon the troubled waters; and this is invariably done, as the writer happens to know, in the case of those oil-laden steamers plying between the Mediterranean ports and British India, which meet with sudden squalls and storms in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. But, as it is more to our purpose to prove the antiquity of the practice, we would refer here to the following recorded instances of it in the past. In 1770, M. Teugnagel, passenger in a Dutch ship to the East, wrote a letter concerning his voyage to Count Bentinck, Dutch Envoy at the Court of St. James's, in which he said: "Near the islands of Paul and Amsterdam we met with a storm, which had nothing particular in it worthy of being communicated to you, except that the captain found himself obliged, for greater safety in wearing the ship, to pour oil into the sea to prevent the waves breaking over her; which had an excellent effect and succeeded in preserving her."

Some few years after this a ship was bound from Manila to Singapore. Instead of beating down the China seas against a southwest monsoon, she took the eastern passage among the Philippines, and then by Macassar, Borneo, and the Banca Strait, being eighty days on the passage. A brig had sailed some time before, called the Armador, laden with cocoanut-oil. A few days after the departure of the Manila ship, while there was a strong breeze and a nasty sea, the surface became, all at once, as smooth as a mill-pond, although the breeze continued. On looking over the side it seemed to the crew as though they were sailing through a sea of oil. She continued in this oil-track for three days. On arriving at Batavia, information was received that the Armador had arrived a little while before with some of the casks of oil stove in, and that the sailors had been continually pumping oil out of the hold into the sea. On comparing logs, it appeared that when the oily surface was first seen the two ships were at least two hundred miles apart.

In 1856 a steamer of three hundred tons, called the William Beckett, left Copenhagen heavily laden with corn. As she met with very rough seas, the captain ordered the longboat and the lifeboat to be each provided with a five-gallon can of oil. The boats started off with a very heavy sea running; but, whereas the steamer sank, the use of the oil saved the men and boats. And so we might go on multiplying instances, bringing them right up to date, of oil having been used for the purpose of calming the sea.

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The Religious World

The American Board Under the present financial stress it is rather surprising to learn that the American Board closed its financial year (ending with August) with no deficit and with the complete discharge of the old debt of $150,000. This was accomplished only by the serious reduction of appropriations for missions; about $12,000 was taken off from the salaries of missionaries, while from $35,000 to $40,000 was saved by reducing the amount of evangelistic work and school work, and the amount paid native teachers. The greatest reductions were made in Turkey, where, under present circumstances, little active work is practicable. Large sums have been given by the churches to be used for Armenian relief through the Board's agents. The Boston correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" gives the following interesting facts about the year's work:

The regular appropriations were $70,000 less than the appropriations for 1895. This was imperative on account of the hard times. The Prudential Committee appropriated $50,000 less for missions and $20,000 less for other expenses than salaries. The appropriations are for the calendar year, while the financial year of the Board ends on August 31, in order that the report to the annual meeting of the Board, which always comes in October, may be nearly down to date. The total appropriations for the calendar year 1895 were $650,000, and for 1896 $580,000. The gifts for the year (covering the $580,000 of expenses, the $115,000 of old debt, and the $100,000 of extra Armenian relief) amount to $795,000. As the largest gifts ever made in the history of the Board were never beyond $850,000, the managers feel that the churches and individual givers have done remarkably well in these dull times.

The mission work of the Board has been unusually prosperous everywhere, but particularly in China, where the year has been the best ever known in the history of the Chinese missions. This is believed to be due in part to the war with Japan, which has opened the eyes of the Chinese to their inferiority in some respects and has made them more willing than before to take the advice and the religion of the foreigners. In one village in the Foo Chow mission the people held a meeting and sent word to the missionaries that if they would send them a teacher they would support him. Such an occurrence never happened before in China, the step being wholly on the initiative of the Chinese.

The lack of funds has prevented the Board from sending out new missionaries as usual. Only two men have been sent—Mr. Shapleigh to China and Mr. Wellman to West Africa. Several single women have been sent. There is no trouble in getting enough missionaries, it is said, if there were only money enough to pay their expenses.

United Presbyterian Young People Among the most effective and wide-awake young people's societies in the country is that known as the Young People's Society of the United Presbyterian Church, which held its annual Convention recently at Omaha. The Mayor of that city gave them a hearty welcome in an address which the people seconded in their generous hospitality and acts of Christian kindness. The Secretary's report showed a membership of about 35,310, but this is necessarily incomplete, because a number of Societies did not report. Of the 633 Societies which did report, 467 are Christian Union and 158 are Christian Endeavor Societies. Besides, there are in this Association 238 Junior Societies, with a membership of 8,902, who contributed last year a total of $3,762. The aggregate of contributions by all branches of the Societies was $45,000. Mr. John Quay, of Denver, was elected President of the Societies for the ensuing year. When the Chairman introduced the President-elect, and said, "Though his name is Quay, and though he is from the land of free silver, he is nevertheless a gold man," the young people cheered with hearty and emphatic applause. Mrs. Mary P. Kyle, of Southfield, Mich., was elected Secretary for the next year.

Church Extension The Church Extension Society is now an indispensable part of the machinery of every well-organized, aggressive denomination in this country. Some Churches have peculiar methods by which they operate this important machinery. The first Sunday in September was the time of the annual offering for Church Extension among the Disciples of Christ, and Secretary G. W. Muckly has for several weeks filled their church papers with many ingenious illustrations picturing the way Church Extension works. He demonstrates the utility of his Society by a geometrical figure, the Church Extension switchboard, the Ferris wheel, or the banyan-tree. The importance of this movement is indicated by the view of Bishop C. C. McCabe, for sixteen years Secretary of the Methodist Board of Church Extension, who in a recent interview said: "If any one should ask me what was the greatest movement in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the last twenty-five years, I would answer, it was when A. J. Kynett, of Iowa, arose in the General Conference of 1864 and proposed the organization of a Church Extension Society. The work of that Society has contributed more than the work of any other society to the fine increase of Methodism in the past thirty years. The past thirty years have been years of victory for our Church. In 1868 we had only 928,000 communicants; in 1895 we had 2,750,000, a gain of over 1,300,000. I attribute this gain more to the labors of the Church Extension Society than to any other one cause. Through its work we have had churches to gather our people into upon the Western frontier, and in the South, and everywhere. I believe the time will come when the Methodist Episcopal Church will have a loan fund of ten million dollars, and will be able to build a church wherever one is needed between the gates of hell and the gates of heaven." In order to accomplish the work for which our Church Extension Societies were formed, we need (1) *Church attention*, to the great churchless world; (2) *Church intention*, to send the necessary means to house the poor for worship, and then *Church extension* will bless the ends of the earth.

Parochial Schools The competition of the free public schools has undoubtedly been the most serious obstacle that the growth of the Roman Catholic schools has had to encounter. Even when parents thought that the latter were not inferior to the former, many of them felt that they could not afford to bear the double burden, and therefore sent their children to the one rather than to the other. To overcome this obstacle, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., has taken a step in his diocese that is not unlikely to have far-reaching consequences. In a letter just published he has abolished the payment of tuition in the parochial schools of his diocese. He himself acknowledges that it has stood in the way of their growth. His object is evidently to make them as attractive in respect to tuition as the public schools. He does not, however, propose that their support shall come from public taxation, as is the case in Manitoba. It is to come from the regular church receipts, or from "extraordinary measures" that the judgment of pastors may suggest. The Archbishop is confident that, if Catholics take the right view of the matter, the money needed to meet this innovation will be forthcoming. "The proper view to be taken of the Catholic school," he says, "is to regard it as a great religious work, in which all are concerned, whether they have or have not children attending it. The Catholic schools," he continues—"the future will prove it beyond doubt—are the most fruitful of all the institutions for the preservation and perpetuation of the faith in this country, and the Catholic who takes a deep and abiding interest in his religion will love the Catholic school, and prove his love for it by his generosity toward it." How the Catholic school is "a great religious work" appears more clearly in the closing sentences of the letter. "Pupils of the Catholic schools," says the Archbishop, "learn thoroughly their religion, and are made to practice it in daily life. If the faith of your children is to be with them a strong and living faith when they have grown to manhood and womanhood, it must become to them now, as it were, second nature. This is what is done by the Catholic school. Faith is there ground into the children so that it never leaves them afterward." It would be impossible to frame a stronger argument in favor of parochial schools, or a more persuasive appeal to Catholics to contribute to their support.

Free Baptist Conference The Conference Board of the Free Baptist Churches of America held a meeting in the latter part of August, at Ocean Park, Me., when a number of encouraging reports were read, to the great delight of those particularly interested. According to the statistics, the additions to the Churches have been, in many instances, much larger than usual, and the contributions were not affected by the general financial stress as much as was feared would be the case. The Home Mission Board received and disbursed $4,017, and the Board of Education $1,938. In each of these departments there is great need of more generous and systematic support. Perhaps the most encouraging part of the report relates to the foreign work. At the beginning of the year the Foreign Board was under a debt of $3,000. During the ten months covered by the reports presented, the receipts were $18,583, which closed the accounts with a cash balance on hand of $1,389. This results, however, from the strictest economy, in which cutting down on every hand was the rule. Most of their foreign work is done in India, where they sustain a missionary staff which includes seven men and six married and six unmarried women. The finances of this Foreign Board are proportionately more prosperous than many larger ones at the present time.

The Newsboys' Friend Bernard Bogan, ex-Charities Commissioner of Brooklyn, who died at his late home in that city a few days ago, was the special and much-beloved friend of the poor newsboys of the metropolitan district, and was famous among them as the originator and founder of the Newsboys' Home. He was a native of Ireland, but came to this country in early life and settled in Newark, N. J., where he became a prosperous baker. He afterward made his home in Brooklyn; for sixty-six years he taught in the Catholic Sunday-schools, and scarcely missed being in his class through that long period. While teaching in St. John's Sunday-School in Newark, one of the boys he taught was the present Father Corrigan, Archbishop of

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Newark, who has often attributed the inspiration of his career to the sterling character of his old Sunday-school teacher. One day a poor newsboy applied at Mr. Bogan's bakery in Court Street, Brooklyn, for some bread, and upon being carefully questioned the boy said he was in the habit of sleeping in the streets and living at a starving rate. The conversation put the idea into Mr. Bogan's head to found a Newsboys' Home. Such a charity was then a novelty, and hallways and wagons were the only refuge of thousands of homeless and friendless newsboys. Shortly after obtaining Bishop Laughlin's consent, Mr. Bogan raised $16,000 and opened the St. Vincent Home for Boys, at No. 7 Poplar Street, Brooklyn, and from this beginning newsboys' homes have sprung up all over the world. The Mission of the Immaculate Conception, one of the largest of its kind in the country, founded by Father Drumgoole in New York, was the direct result of Mr. Bogan's efforts. Though he never had any children of his own, this good man's hobby was the reclaiming of street gamins, and his love for boys was remarkably beautiful. His wealth of love and tenderness for poor boys was the result of his high Christian character founded on the deep and undisturbed convictions of religious faith. Certainly it can be said of him that his works do follow him.

Some Recent Religious Figures

The Presbyterian papers have been publishing some tables showing the increase of the denomination for the past twenty-five years. In that time the membership of the Presbyterian Church has grown from 446,561 to 944,716, or a little more than 110 per cent. The number of adult baptisms has increased from 10,122 in 1870 to 24,484 in 1896, or 133 per cent. But in the column of infant baptisms there is a marked difference. Twenty-five years ago 16,746 infants were baptized, while last year there were only 28,459, which is an increase of less than 73 per cent. Christian people rarely ever think of a colored Catholic population in this country. The "Catholic Review," of New York, gives the number of the colored Catholics in several of the large cities as follows: Baltimore, 35,000; Charleston, 800; Chicago, 400; Covington, 140; Galveston, 550; Indian Territory, 200; Kansas City, 250; Little Rock, 100; Mobile, 2,500; Nashville, 500; Natchez, 1,700; Natchitoches, 9,000; New Orleans, 8,000; New York, 3,000; Philadelphia, 1,500; Pittsburg, 1,500; Savannah, 1,200; San Antonio, 1,200; and Wilmington, 400. There are now thirty-one colored priests laboring in the United States, and there are thirty-seven churches which have been erected by colored Catholics. This, however, is a very small percentage of the 8,000,000 Afro-Americans within our gates.

French Church Congress at Rheims

Rheims, the city where in former days the Kings of France were wont to be crowned, was recently the scene of a great Church Congress, two features of which deserve special note. One was the approval of the project to claim for the French clergy civic rights like those possessed by the clergy in this country, and which at present they do not enjoy; and the other was the very marked tendency to revise the synodical powers of the French Church at the expense of the Roman Curia—which is to say, as some at least interpret it, a movement favoring the abolition of the Concordat, and the independence of the Gallic Church from subserviency to the Vatican. The French are dissatisfied with their small representation in the College of Cardinals, and demand, among others, a French Cardinal of the Curia—one who resides permanently in "the Holy City." The College of Cardinals now consists of sixty-two members, though when complete it numbers seventy. Of the present number thirty-three are Italians and twenty-nine are foreigners, for it is the understood policy of the Vatican to keep the Italians always in the majority. Since the recent death of Archbishop Bourret the French Church has five members in the College; Austria-Hungary has six, Germany five, Spain four, Portugal two, and England, Ireland, Belgium, Canada, and the United States one each. Evidently all is not perfect peace inside the walls of the Vatican.

Students' Federation in South Africa

The World's Students' Federation movement is one of those aggressive Christian agencies which is proving itself a mighty factor in molding the spirit and temper of the coming generation; and it is a genuine delight to note its rapidly growing power. Mr. Luther D. Wishard, who is connected with the movement in this country, has recently attended a Students' Federation Convention in Scandinavia, and has also inaugurated a branch of the work at Stellenbosch, South Africa, when a five days' conference was held. Many evangelical ministers took part in the conference, among them the Rev. Andrew Murray, whose visit to America last summer was a spiritual benediction to thousands, and whose books are a delight and food to so many Christians. Both the Victoria College and the Dutch Reformed Seminary at Stellenbosch were ably represented by several of their professors, who did all they could to help the work of the Convention. This South African city is only about thirty miles from Cape Town, and, being one of the great educational centers of the Colony, is the most appropriate place to inaugurate the movement. Among the chief speakers Dr. Andrew Murray was perhaps the most prominent and honored because of his great work in that country. He introduced Mr. Wishard, who explained in detail the methods of work, and dwelt in full upon the nature and scope of the movement among the students. Mr. Donald Frazier, one of the leaders of the enterprise in England; the Rev. Mr. Lennox, a missionary at Lovedale; Mr. W. G. Sprigg, Secretary of the Cape Town Y. M. C. A., and several others, took part in the inauguration of the work in Africa. Mr. Wishard believes that the work done in the Convention will prove to be of a permanent character, and that the World's Students' Federation movement will find an endless work to do among the vast millions of Africa's dusky sons.

Brief Mention

The Rev. Henry Victor Morgan, of Alameda, Cal., is building a church with his own hands, assisted by some members of his congregation.

The first Canadian Christian Endeavor Convention will be held at Ottawa, October 6-9. At Aylmer, Quebec, the birthplace of Dr. F. E. Clark, father of the great Endeavor movement, a special service will be held.

Miss Frances H. Tribou, daughter of Chaplain Tribou, takes exception to the oft-repeated statement that no man now living can read Eliot's Indian Bible. She writes "Zion's Herald" that at the Mohonk Indian Conference in 1894 she heard Bishop Whipple say that it is a mistake to say that it cannot be read, because the Ojibways of Minnesota can read it.

Mrs. Samuel Colt has erected at Hartford, Conn., at a cost of $200,000, the Caldwell Hart Colt Memorial Parish Building, as a memorial to her son, who died suddenly at Punta Gorda, Florida, January 21, 1894. It is given by Mrs. Colt for the benefit of the Episcopal parish, and will be maintained by her. The building was dedicated September 10 in the presence of a great gathering of people.

The New York "Observer" says: "A significant four-line paragraph came over the cables a few days ago. It announced that the Hall of Science in Old Hall Street, London, had passed into the hands of General Booth. The significance lies in the fact that for twenty years or more the Hall of Science was the London headquarters of an aggressive school of atheists, of whom the late Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., was the leader."

The Harvard Y. M. C. A., wishing to increase its membership and influence among the new students of Harvard University, asks for the co-operation in its work of all clergymen and any others who know of students coming to Harvard for the first time. If the readers of The Outlook who know of young men entering Harvard this fall will send the names and church connections of any such to George Gleason, Topsfield, Mass., they will greatly aid the officers of the Association in their work.

The Rev. James Lee Maxwell, of the New York Episcopal City Missionary Society, died in this city on September 7. He was born at Johnstown, N. Y., in 1826, and was the son of a prominent physician there. He was formerly rector of Episcopal churches in Bordentown and Trenton. Afterward he was for fourteen years in charge of St. James's Church at Montclair, and later he removed to Danville, Pa. He had been recently in charge of missionary work in this city and at Blackwell's Island.

The second Convention of the Luther League of America will be held at Chicago, November 17-20. One of the special endeavors of the League is to meet the spiritual needs of the Lutherans who come from Europe. Statistics show that immigration has fallen off considerably of late. In 1888 there were 161,400 Lutherans landed upon our shores; in 1884, 94,658; and in 1895, 55,961. This is, however, a larger addition to the Lutheran population of the country than that of many of the denominations.

Two of the American Board missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands, the Rev. Dr. Elias Bond and Mrs. Julia Montague Cooke, died recently. Dr. Bond was a native of Hallowell, Me., a graduate of Bowdoin College and Bangor Theological Seminary, and went in 1840 as a missionary, and speedily gained the love of the Hawaiian people. Mrs. Cooke and her husband went out in 1837, and they were soon known all over the island as Father and Mother Cooke. Mrs. Cooke devoted her life to instructing the native women.

The forty-third General Congress of the Roman Catholics of Germany, just held at Berlin, passed a number of significant resolutions, among them one warning German Catholics against coming to America under the present economic conditions; one condemning the practice of dueling among the officers of the army and navy; one deploring the fact that no Christian Power has effectually espoused the cause of the Armenians; one opposing the employment of married women in factories, and another advocating the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law.

The Rev. Dr. William M. Swindells, of Philadelphia, who died lately, was one of the best-known ministers in the Methodist Church, and took a prominent part in the last General Conference. He was born in England, of good Methodist stock, his ancestor, Robert Swindells, having been a traveling companion of John Wesley, and the first Methodist to preach in Ireland. Dr. Swindells was a Presiding Elder several times, and latterly was Corresponding Secretary of the Philadelphia Conference Tract Society, and editor of the "Philadelphia Methodist."

The opening services of a new Congregational church in New York City will take place on Sunday morning, September 27. The hall where it is to meet, at the corner of Eighty-third Street and the Boulevard, will seat nearly seven hundred persons. Much interest in the movement is already shown among Congregational families on the West Side who have as yet made no church connection. There is no Congregational church between the Central Congregational Church on West Fifty-seventh Street and the Pilgrim Congregational Church on East One Hundred and Twenty-first Street. The Rev. Dr. Henry A. Stimson is the pastor. The name is not yet determined, but it will probably be the Manhattan Congregational Church.

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Books and Authors

Miss Tarbell's "Madame Roland" [1]

This biography supplies a need. The only previous life of Madame Roland of any note, in English, was Miss Blind's, published ten or twelve years ago—popular, entertaining, and in some ways valuable, but radically partisan and extravagantly eulogistic. The tone of this book is different. It is a calm, well-balanced, scholarly work, written with sufficient sympathy, but evidently with foremost desire to present the truth concerning the subject, rather than fancies, however pleasing or wide-prevailing. Miss Tarbell enjoyed exceptional advantages for making her work reliable. During a long residence in Paris she became well acquainted with descendants of Madame Roland, who were of greatest assistance to her, and to one of them she dedicates her book. Through them, too, she obtained access to a large mass of letters and other manuscripts of the Rolands, hitherto unpublished, which had just been placed in the Bibliothèque Nationale. By a skillful use of her varied sources of information she has thrown much new light upon the career of a noted woman, and has produced a book rich in insight from beginning to end—one which, for accurate statement and discerning criticism, is likely to remain long the standard biography of Madame Roland.

Marie Jeanne Phlipon was born of the Paris *bourgeoisie* in 1754. She was a precocious child. Her parents appreciated her early desire for knowledge and gave her a good education. Yet her training came chiefly from the books she read. Plutarch was the author who first paramountly influenced her; and, later, Rousseau. In childhood and youth she was devoutly religious, but before she was twenty-one she had renounced Christianity and accepted a kind of Deism. Her nature was as emotional as it was intellectual; and when the skeptical period was over there came a reaction from intellect to sentiment; she took Rousseau for her guide, and was ruled by his sentimentalism for the rest of her life.

She had various vicissitudes with many suitors. At length she married, at twenty-six, a man twenty years older than herself, M. Roland de la Platière, Inspector-General of Commerce at Amiens. The account of this marriage here given shows, from hitherto unpublished letters, that she then ardently loved Roland, and was for a long time devoted to him, and is in decided contrast with the statements of her Memoirs, written in prison thirteen years later, when she was under the sway of her new passion for Buzot. One of the earliest events of their married life was her unsuccessful attempt to secure for Roland a title of nobility, in recognition of his long public services and of the supposed claims of his family. Other biographers have made little of this incident, but Miss Tarbell thinks the Rolands never quite recovered from the sting of this refusal; that it strengthened their republicanism and made them more ready to welcome the Revolution when it came.

Madame Roland's connection with the Revolution is traced very fully in these pages, and with a general fairness and accuracy which make the book a valuable supplement to the works of Lamartine, Taine, and Carlyle. At first, in common with most others in France, she hoped for reforms in the *ancien régime;* but she soon abandoned that hope and became the uncompromising foe of the monarchy, and, with an ideal of liberty before her, advocated insurrection, riot, and civil war, carrying out to the extreme the ideas of Rousseau's "Contrat Social" as to the rights of "the sovereign people." By letters, by articles in the political journals, and by her brilliant conversational powers she wielded an immense influence. She controlled Roland from the first; and when they came to Paris it was she who was quietly the guiding spirit in the meetings of the patriots in her salon, and their one ideal constantly. Afterwards, when Brissot brought about the Girondin ministry, and Roland became one of that ministry, she was the leading power of the party, and "it was her inspiration that fired the Gironde."

She was destined to bitter disillusion, and all her bright dreams were to fade. The Rolands found that the Republic which they insisted upon was only their individual opinion, and not the desire of the country at large; and when the Commune came to be the governing force of Paris, and actual insurrection—under the brutal Danton—began its hideous work, they turned away in shame and disgust from the power they had evoked. Even then, if she would have worked with Danton, she might perhaps have controlled him, and so the Terrorists; but she would not. The only reason she gave was her feeling of physical repugnance towards him; but Miss Tarbell attributes her conduct partly to her being at this time under the influence of Buzot—a type of man the very opposite of Danton, and then the one hope of the Gironde. The downfall of that party soon followed. The Rolands became suspects; he escaped, she was arrested and imprisoned, and five months later suffered death on the guillotine.

The remarkable courage and mental exaltation of her prison life are glowingly presented by her biographer. The courage is explainable by temperament, by training, by patriotism, and a determination to stand well with posterity—a figure in history. But the triumph of her spirit may well have been due to love—the passion for Buzot—which, with death in prospect, now spoke out in certain letters to him. These were accidentally discovered only about thirty years ago; and from them it is plain that the prison was chiefly a place of freedom from the chains she had worn before, and that she preferred to die rather than go back to those chains. All this naturally takes much from her glory as a hero dying for an ideal of liberty; for it was at least a very different kind of freedom for which, in part, she suffered. Miss Tarbell's treatment of this whole subject—in her chapter upon "Buzot and Madame Roland" and in her comment upon the prison letters—is thoughtful and trenchant, but, we must say, not quite satisfactory in its moral tone of apparent apology; though she owns that Madame Roland was "happy to be guillotined when she was," to save her from the deepest of humiliations. Might not her discarded Christianity have given her a higher ideal of duty, and have been better for her now, than Rousseau's sentimentalism?

Her principal occupation in prison was the composition of those wonderful Memoirs of hers—political and personal—so justly celebrated. In the former she was unquestionably posing, says her biographer. The latter, besides their charm of naturalness, have high value as a picture of eighteenth-century life; and it is only to be regretted that they are so closely modeled upon the Confessions of Rousseau.

We must not omit to say that among the many appropriate illustrations of this volume are five portraits of Madame Roland (only one of them, as explained, being authentic), and two of M. Roland. In a book so generally faultless in points of mechanical execution, perhaps we ought readily to condone several manifest errors in dates, whether owing to oversight of the author or to careless proof-reading.

[1] *Madame Roland: A Biographical Study.* By Ida M. Tarbell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The Present Distribution of Wealth [1]

Mr. Spahr's "Essay on the Present Distribution of Wealth" in this country is rather an inquiry into social facts than a discussion of economic principles. The writer believes, with Mill, that, while statute law has relatively little effect upon the amount of wealth produced by the labor of the country, it is practically omnipotent in determining whether this wealth shall be concentrated in the hands of a few or widely distributed among all the industrious and thrifty classes. There is no natural law, he holds, working either toward the narrower concentration of wealth or its wider distribution. The distribution of wealth has become better when the National conscience has been aroused to make it better; it has become worse when the National conscience has been indifferent to the forces tending to make it worse. The present volume is an attempt to ascertain the present situation and the present drift, in order that the National conscience may recognize how much work needs to be done, and exert its influence all along the line to secure better conditions.

The first chapter of Mr. Spahr's essay reviews the tendency toward the concentration of wealth in Great Britain. During the Napoleonic wars the forces working for evil are found to have reached their greatest power. Since the conclusion of these wars, conditions have been bettered by the various economic reforms; the working classes have again shared in the advancing wealth of society. Nevertheless, even during the last half-century, the wealth of the wealthiest class is found to have advanced far more rapidly than the wealth of the middle and working classes. The tendency toward concentration still continues.

The next chapter reviews our own history. Prior to the Civil War, slavery is presented as the only powerful force working toward the concentration of wealth. Except in a few cities, wealth in the North was widely distributed at the outbreak of the Rebellion, while wealth at the South, not only in slaves, but in real estate, was fearfully concentrated. The effect of the war was to make the South a section of small property-owners, but to set at work forces which have helped to establish an aristocracy of wealth in the cities of the North. In Mr. Spahr's view, the present policy of the Nation as regards taxation, as

[1] *An Essay on the Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States.* By Charles B. Spahr, Ph.D. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50.

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regards finance, and as regards the railroads, have all operated to lessen the wealth of the small property-owners in the rural districts and to build up the larger fortunes in the cities. The present contrast between the wealth in the cities and the wealth in the smaller towns and on the farms is presented statistically.

Succeeding chapters examine the distribution of property and incomes among various classes, as shown by Probate Court returns, income tax returns, statistics of rents, etc. The conclusion reached is that one per cent. of our families receive about one-fourth of the Nation's income and own about one-half of the property. Labor, including that of professional men, business managers, etc., is found to receive three-fifths of the present product of industry, and capital two-fifths. The question of bimetallism is incidentally discussed in connection with the recent history of wages. Mr. Spahr finds that money wages advanced rapidly—except during the war—from the middle of the century until 1873. Since that date he finds that there has been a serious fall—though this fall was interrupted by a rise during the period of comparatively stable prices under the operation of the Bland and Sherman Acts.

The concluding chapters deal with our tax systems, National and local. Mr. Spahr agrees with most economic writers in holding that our National tax system is unjust to the relatively poorer classes; he differs from most economic writers, however, in holding that our local tax system is more just to these classes than any system in force in any other country. The tax-dodging that constitutes the most serious evil connected with it he finds to have been greatly reduced in most commonwealths since 1880, and to practically disappear when personal property as well as real is taxed where the property is, instead of where the owner happens to live. The closing pages are devoted to a summary of the conclusions reached and a plea for progressive taxation.

The Talmud is one of the great works of the world's literature, and its language is known only to special students. It has long been the object of wide curiosity. A translation of the whole Talmud would be an arduous undertaking, but one that would receive the thanks of many students and readers. The student of theology, the student of comparative religion, the student of folk-lore, custom, and myth, and the student of pure literature, all would be grateful for a plain, trustworthy, and complete translation of the Jewish Talmud into English. This is what we were looking for from Mr. Michael L. Rodkinson's version of the Talmud, but we are grievously disappointed. The translator has taken liberties with his work that deprive it of all scientific value. He omits what, in his opinion, is not edifying or what obscures the main trend of the teaching of the Talmud. If he had simply followed the manner of Jowett in the latter's translation of Plato's Dialogues, we could be more content, but even here Mr. Rodkinson fails us, for there are acknowledged omissions of matter from the original in this version. The world does not want a Delphine edition of this wonderful record of human thought through many generations, the Babylonian Talmud. Mr. Rodkinson's title-page reads: *New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud, English Translation. Original Text Edited, Formulated, and Punctuated by Michael L. Rodkinson. Revised and Corrected by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, President Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, O. Volume I. Tract Sabbath.* We beg the translator to give us the whole Talmud. Let the reader make his own selections. This method of Mr. Rodkinson's inspires no confidence; neither Jew nor Gentile has any use for an expurgated version of the Talmud. It would be as wise to expurgate the Hebrew Bible. (New Amsterdam Publishing Company, New York.)

The Book of the Twelve Prophets, Commonly Called the Minor. By George Adam Smith, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. In Two Volumes. Vol. I.: Amos, Hosea, Micah, with an Introduction and a Sketch of Prophecy in Early Israel. (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.) Every one who has used Professor Smith's previous books will eagerly welcome these volumes of the Expositor's Bible. Every student of the "Minor Prophets," and, as well, the puzzled reader who makes, from duty or curiosity, an occasional timid excursion into their pages as into a forbidding and dangerous land, will welcome the assistance he is sure of from Professor Smith's ample knowledge, careful scholarship, vivid style, and spiritual insight. In introductory chapters the author treats of the Prophet in early Israel as far as the appearance of Amos. The Twelve are then taken in chronological order, with a historical and critical introduction to each book, followed by some account of the prophet as a man and a seer; and then a complete translation, with textual foot-notes and exposition, and a discussion of the main doctrines the prophet taught. The whole work is pervaded by the conviction that "everything that scholarship can do for their writings has surely for its final aim the illustration of their witness to the ways of God with men, and its application to living questions and duties and hopes," and that the chief design of "the series in which the volume appears is to show the eternal validity of the Books of the Bible as the Word of God, and their meaning for ourselves to-day." In this volumeonly Amos, Hosea, and Micah are treated.

St. Paul the Traveler and the Roman Citizen, by W. M. Ramsay, D.CL., LL.D., Professor of Humanity, Edinburgh, etc. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) Professor Ramsay has followed his works on "The Church in the Roman Empire Before 170" and "The Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia" with a volume on "St. Paul the Traveler and the Roman Citizen," comprising the Morgan Lectures at Auburn Theological Seminary in 1894, and Mansfield College (Oxford) Lectures in 1895. It is a most attractive subject, and the author has treated it with his characteristic independence and ability. The volume is full of information and suggestion, the fruit of his notable researches in the regions traversed by Paul, and is of great value in the interpretation of the Acts of the Apostles. Professor Ramsay holds the author of the Acts to be a historian of the first rank—and he uses the term deliberately and discriminatingly—who writes from his own knowledge of the facts, his own written notes, and "diary and notes of conversations with Paul and doubtless others also;" who was "deficient in the sense of time," but who "studied the sequence of events carefully," and who shows "the true historian's power of seizing the great facts and marking clearly the stages in the development of his subject." He is "impressed by the sense of proportion in Acts, and the skill with which a complex and difficult subject is grouped to bring out the historical development from the primitive Church through successive steps associated with four great names—Stephen, Philip, Peter, Paul." This author he believes to be Luke, and so accepts the first-century origin of Acts, a conclusion opposed to his early convictions.

Not since the writings of Didron has there been any work on ecclesiastical art, of the nature and treatment which characterized the books of that most accomplished ecclesiologist, so far as we know, that is to be compared, in the matter of erudition and completeness, with *Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture*, by E. P. Evans. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) Little escapes the trawl of this author, who has run his drag-net through theology, the classics, folk-lore, and the literature of all times and peoples. Yet the book is not turgid. It is altogether the best handbook to recommend to the traveler and the student of art. Its suggestiveness is opulent. It bears upon literature and philosophy. Many illustrations are added to the book. The difficulty in the way of a work like this is that it is a little above popular intelligence. Where there is so much, so many allusions to literature, to the development of thought and feelings in the evolution of humanity, it is to be feared that the ordinary reader will be piqued, if not appalled.

The primary excellence of Professor John Grier Hibben's *Inductive Logic* lies in the emphasis that he places upon the mutual dependence of the inductive and deductive processes of reasoning. This is made especially clear in the chapters on Hypothesis, Analogy, and Probability. What he has to say about empirical laws is also instructive. Both the scientific investigator and the student of law may find this book helpful. It is written in an interesting style, and is full of new and real illustrations. There is a chapter on the application of the inductive methods to the various sciences, and in it Professor Hibben points out the importance of "historical data in all sciences that deal with human volitions and activities." This applies to the comparatively new science of psychology.

New Books

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending September 4. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

The Puritan in England and New England, by E. H. Byington, D.D., is an exceedingly attractive volume upon Puritan thought and Puritan life. The political as well as the religious beliefs of the early Puritans are clearly brought out, and their family and social life is treated as fully as that distinctively connected with the Church and the State. The book is always concrete, describing at considerable length certain men whose lives either powerfully influenced or typified the life of the community about them. The narrative is full of vitality from beginning to end. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

A History of Rome to the Death of Cæsar, by W. W. How, M.A., and H. D. Leigh, M.A., Fellows at Oxford, is a work admirably adapted to the needs of college students. It presents the constitutional history of Rome in a manner remarkably clear. The authors ignore Roman literature, holding with great justification that it never became a vital influence upon the life of the Roman people. Their religion, their form of government, their wars, and their economic experiences due to the acquisition of the vast public domain, were the things that really absorbed the thought of the Roman people, and to these the volume confines itself. It is rare that a book intended for college students has so much to commend it to maturer readers. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Balzac's *César Birotteau* and *Modeste Mignon* have been added to the excellent edition of his works made in London with characteristic taste and originality by J. M. Dent & Co., and published in New York by the Macmillan Company. The first-named volume is translated by Ellen Marriage, the second by Clara Bell, and each has a preface by Mr. George Saintsbury.——From the same publishers both in London and New York come two volumes in the daintily illustrated edition of Alphonse Daudet's works, *Thirty Years of Paris* and *Recollections of a Literary Man*, two books which are to many readers even more delightful reading than the novels.——A little-known novel of Balzac's is *The Lesser Bourgeoisie*, which is now published in the translation by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, whose skill is universally recognized. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Of three volumes of minor fiction sent us by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, the best is Mrs. Florence Henniker's *In Scarlet and Gray*. Even here, however, there is a tendency to overstrain and overwrite,

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and the most clear-cut of the tales—that in which Mr. Thomas Hardy "collaborates" with Mrs. Henniker—is disagreeably decadent, a mere unpleasing analysis of a weak and worthless love affair not worth analyzing. The book belongs to the Keynote Series, as does also Mabel E. Wotton's *Day-Books*, the longest story of which preserves the aforesaid Keynote by telling a painful tale of bigamy, faithlessness, and desertion. Ellis Markoe's *My Lady's Heart* is prolix and crude. The same remark applies to *Vander's Understudy*, by James K. Reeve (F. A. Stokes Company, New York), which has a mingling of the melodramatic with the sentimental.

We have already spoken in warm commendation of Mr. Justin McCarthy's monograph on *Leo XIII.* (see The Outlook for July 18 last). The volume is published in this country in the attractive series called "The Public Men of To-Day," issued by Frederick Warne & Co., of this city. A fine portrait serves as a frontispiece.——*A Cycle of Cathay* is an apt title for Dr. W. A. P. Martin's valuable book on China, when we consider that in point of fact the length of a Chinese cycle is about sixty years, despite a general belief that the cycle is of enormous length—a belief due in great measure to Tennyson. Dr. Martin's experience as a missionary in different parts of China gives him an extraordinary knowledge of all phases of Chinese life and thought. He writes of political, social, and missionary questions with learning, and at the same time in a popular way, and he gives us constantly, also, picturesque glances at the manners and customs of the common people. The book is illustrated in an intelligent way. No student of Eastern affairs can afford to neglect this work, which will take its place with Dr. Williams's "The Middle Kingdom" as an authoritative work on China. (F. H. Revell Company, New York.)——Another book of interest, published by the same firm, is that on *Robert Whitaker McAll*, the founder of the McAll Mission in Paris. The book is in part autobiographical, and has been edited by Mrs. McAll. The subject of this work had a most interesting personality, and he accomplished great things by force of persistence and earnestness. His autobiographical sketch is modest, and has a genuine religious feeling, free from cant and self-laudation.

A well printed and illustrated book of travel and adventure is Mr. Warburton Pike's *Through the Sub-Arctic Forests*, a record of a journey taken mainly by canoe through unknown country belonging to the Hudson Bay Company's territory, and stretching from Fort Wrangel to the Pally Lakes. Mr. Pike returned by way of the Yukon River and Behring Sea. The geographical information gathered has considerable importance, and the story of Mr. Pike's adventures is often exciting, and presents many incidents of hunting and fishing which will interest sportsmen. For the general reader the work would have been more acceptable if made into a smaller book, which could easily have been done. (Edward Arnold, New York.)

A fourth edition of Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke's *The Riches of Chaucer* justifies his original belief in the usefulness of a work which should make Chaucer reasonably easy reading to those who have not made a special study of the ancient English in which he wrote, and which should omit some passages objectionable to modern taste. Nothing would be easier than to criticise the execution of such an undertaking either as having done too much or too little. Time has shown, however, that such a book is useful. An excellent brief life of Chaucer is included. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)——To the pretty little edition of Tennyson's "Poetical Works" published by the same firm have been added *The Voyage of Maeldune and Other Poems*, and *Rizpah and Other Poems*.——From the same publishers also we receive *Genesis* in "The Modern Reader's Bible," edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor Richard G. Moulton. We reserve critical comment for the present.

A third series of *Poems* by Emily Dickinson has just been issued, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. The book includes no less than one hundred and sixty-five short poems. It could hardly be expected that the level reached would be as high as in the previous collections, but it can truly be said that many of these little verses have the same touch of genius united with the same absolute lack of conventional form and method which characterize the best of the poems previously printed. Such, we think, is "Real Riches" (first printed in The Outlook), "Flowers," and several others. As usual, there are not a few poems which from ordinary standards one would be very glad to see omitted, but perhaps it is as well that they are included, as they throw light on the strange personality and way of thinking of the author. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Old Colony Days, by May Alden Ward, is made up of five essays on early New England life. The first is devoted to William Bradford, the old New England historian; the next to "The Early Autocrat of New England;" the third to "An Old-time Magistrate, Judge Sewell," and the remaining two to New England witchcraft and the old New England poets. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

A Brief History of the English Language, by Oliver Farrar Emerson, Ph.D. (formerly of Cornell and now of Western Reserve University), is an abbreviation of the author's "History of the English Language." It is designed for the use of schools for which the larger work is too elaborate. The work of condensation has been well performed. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Some Modern Substitutes for Christianity, by George Wolfe Shinn, D.D., Rector of Grace Church, Newton, Mass., is a discussion of various modern beliefs—Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Socialism, and Agnosticism. The author does not find all of these beliefs devoid of all good, and the effect of what he has to say is increased by his endeavor to be temperate in his judgments. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

Sixteen to One, by Richard Lowry, and *The People vs. The Gold-Bugs*, by A. D. Warner, of the Everett Bar, Everett, Wash., are pleas for the independent action of the United States to restore silver to the world's currency. Mr. Lowry's book is a rather unusually comprehensive collection of the arguments in favor of such action. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.)

Literary Notes

—Sir Walter Besant, in collaboration with Mr. W. H. Pollock, is about to publish a volume of eight drawing-room plays.

—The committee of the Sir Walter Scott Memorial in Westminster Abbey have selected from various copies of the Chantrey bust in Abbotsford one submitted to them by Mr. John Hutchinson, R.S.A. It has since been approved by the Dean.

—Tolstoï has been working for many months over a novel which has more than once been announced, but at the last moment he has put the task by and taken up another. This preferred book, upon which he is now engaged, is dedicated to children, and aims at setting forth in a way calculated to touch their young sympathies the principles of a good life.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has spent most of the summer in the country, has returned to London. His health was benefited by the change, and he has been able to go steadily forward with his literary work. His new volume, promised for the autumn, will probably be ready about the beginning of November. It refers to the principles of sociology, and some of its contents have appeared in the reviews.

—A correspondent writes: "Your reviewer, in the notice of 'Gerhard's Sacred Meditations,' translated by the Rev. Mr. Heisler, falls into the error, not uncommon, of attributing the book to Paul Gerhardt. This latter was the great hymn-writer of Germany, but the author of the book in question was Johann Gerhard, one of the three great theologians of the age following the Reformation, and his 'Loci' has been one of the standards of Lutheran theology."

—It is announced that the publishers of the old standard eclectic weekly, "Littell's Living Age," founded by E. Littell in 1844, are about to introduce several new and valuable features in their magazine. The most important of these is a monthly supplement, given without additional cost, which will contain readings from American magazines, readings from new books, and also a list of books of the month. Mr. Frank Foxcroft, whose long journalistic training and high literary ability admirably fit him for the position, is to be the future editor.

—Among the books of a comparatively recent date, if the seventeenth century can be described as such, is, as the Elzevir collector well knows, the famous "Patissier François," a small duodecimo printed by Louys and Daniel Elzevir, at Amsterdam, in 1655. A faulty and poor reimpression of a work of little value issued in Paris two years previously, this book has become, says a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine," the most sought after of all the Elzevir works, just because it is wrongly thought to be the scarcest. It has fetched prices reaching in France so high as 4,600 francs. The reason for the supposed rarity is, of course, that, instead of being placed on its first appearance on the shelves of the curious or the studious, the little volume was thumbed to pieces by the greasy hands of cooks and kitchen-maids.

Books Received

For the Week ending September 4, 1896

EDWARD ARNOLD, NEW YORK

Kenney-Herbert, A. Fifty Lunches.
Pike, Warburton. Through the Subarctic Forest.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Lowry, Richard. Shall the United States Alone Undertake the Free Coinage of Silver at the Ratio of Sixteen to One? 25 cts.
Warner, A. D. The People vs. The Gold-Bugs. 25 cts.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Clarke, Marcus. Heavy Odds. 50 cts.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

How, W. W., M.A., and H. D. Leigh, M.A. A History of Rome to the Death of Cæsar. $2.
Nichols, Edgar H., A.B. Elementary and Constructional Geometry. 75 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Daudet, Alphonse. Thirty Years of Paris. Translated by Laura Ensor. $1.
Daudet, Alphonse. Recollections of a Literary Man. Translated by Laura Ensor. $1.
Tennyson, Alfred Lord. Rizpah and Other Poems; The Voyage of Maeldune and Other Poems. (People's Edition.) 45 cts. each.
Genesis. Edited by R. G. Moulton. 50 cts.
Balzac, Honoré de. Modeste Mignon. Translated by Clara Bell. $1.50.
Balzac, Honoré de. The Rise and Fall of César Birotteau. Translated by Ellen Marriage. $1.50.
Emerson, Oliver F. A Brief History of the English Language. $1.
Clarke, Charles C. The Riches of Chaucer. $2.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Taylor, Fannie J. Adolph, and How He Found the "Beautiful Lady." 50 cts.
Robert Whitaker McAll, Founder of the McAll Mission, Paris. A Fragment by Himself; A Souvenir by His Wife. $1.50.
Martin, W. A. P., D.D., LL.D. A Cycle of Cathay. $2.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON

Ward, May Alden. Old Colony Days. $1.25.
Balzac, Honoré de. The Lesser Bourgeoisie. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. $1.50.
Wotton, Mabel E. Day-Books. $1.
Henniker, Florence. In Scarlet and Grey. $1.
Dickinson, Emily. Poems. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. $1.25.
Markoe, Ellis. My Lady's Heart. $1.
Byington, Ezra Hoyt, D.D. The Puritan in England and New England. $2.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK

Reeve, James Knapp. Vander's Understudy. 75 cts.

S. W. STRAUB & CO., CHICAGO

Straub, S. W. Beautiful Songs and Living Fountain. (A combined S. S. Singing Book.) 35 cts.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK

Lydekker, Richard, B.A., F.R.S., F.Z.S. The Royal Natural History. Nos. 29, 30, and 31. 50 cts. each.
McCarthy, Justin. Pope Leo XIII. $1.25.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Shinn, George W., D.D. Some Modern Substitutes for Christianity. 50 cts.

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The Home Club

An Important Congress

The Congress to be held in Boston, October 5 to November 7, is a long step in advance of the Food Exhibitions which have grown in popular interest in many large cities. The Board of Trade of San Francisco and the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles have been interested, and there will be an exhibit of foods from California. The Congress will have the assistance of the following speakers: William T. Harris, LL.D., Commissioner of Education; Carroll D. Wright, LL.D., Chief of Bureau of Statistics; J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture; D. C. Gilman, LL.D.; C. W. Dabney, LL.D., Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and President of Tennessee University; A. C. True, Ph.D.; Professor C. D. Woods, Director of Experiment Station at Orono, Me.; Professor Conn, of Wesleyan University; Professor Sedgwick, of the Institute of Technology; Talcott L. Williams, LL.D.; Robert G. Lamont, Doctor of Prophylactics; the Hon. G. Browne Goode; Professor O. T. Mason; Professor Lester F. Ward and F. Hamilton Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C.; George M. Thomas, A.M., M.D.; Mary S. Garrett, of the Home of the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia; E. R. L. Gould, LL.D.; Anna L. Woodbury, of Washington; Mary Proctor and Mrs. Ralph Trautmann, of New York; James A. Herne; August Lindstorm, of Sweden; Mrs. A. B. McClosky, from Paris, and many others.

The questions of Food, Child Life, Drinking-Water, Milk Supplies, Philanthropic Effort that affects Family Life, as well as the arts that minister to family life, will be presented by experts. The programmes of the Congress can be obtained by addressing Home Congress, Cotillion Hall, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass., inclosing postage.

The Consumers' League Opportunity

The law in regard to the employment of women and children in mercantile houses in the State of New York went into effect September 1. The enforcement of the law is transferred from the Factory Inspectors' Department to the Health Departments. In New York and Brooklyn the Health Departments have received small appropriations for the new work. It is impossible for the departments, with such small sums, to do thorough work. Fortunately, the large establishments have been roused to the importance of obedience to the major requirements of the law. The offenders who are hard to reach are the firms in the thoroughfares in the tenement-house districts. Here the conditions are often uncivilized; the girls and women employed are too often treated with the grossest injustice. The members of the Consumers' League should make personal visits as shoppers and grow familiar with the system employed in these stores. The hours approach the hours of the English factory system of the early forties. There are many of the sestores that demand seventy-two hours a week service, and some seventy-six, including four hours on Sunday. The wages are rarely over $4.50 per week, with no vacations, and an unjust system of fines. It is not the leading establishments that need the personal attention of the League members, but the comparatively unknown establishments outside of the locality in which they are.

Tipping

The moral effect of tipping has often been the subject of discussion among friends; its appearance in the newspapers is a healthful sign of the new comprehension of the relations of men to each other. A gentleman never fees a man employed and paid to render a service without a sense of personal degradation. It is not wages, but a form of almsgiving that is degrading; it is done, not from any consciousness of responsibility or interest, but to acquire, or rather to retain, a reputation for liberality, or to secure service over and above that nominated in the bond. We all know the man who fees the head waiter when he enters the dining-room, and the waiter when he takes his place at the table. He pays to the proprietor no more than the other guests who, from principle or lack of means, do not bribe the servants, but they are compelled to suffer from neglect or careless service because of this man's selfishness. For the waiters, the fact that they encourage tipping is a proof of their ignorance of economic law. The wages they are paid by employers are rated with a view to the tips, which will bring them to or above the livable point. If the waiters should themselves refuse to accept tips, they would take the first step toward raising their wages. Such action by the men who engage in this employment would soon show them to be men of larger intelligence. There would be a gain for the employers, for better service would be rendered to all, and the expense that is now reckoned by every traveler under the head of tips would find its way more directly into the proprietor's pocket. Tipping is almsgiving from the basest of motives, and injures the characters of givers and receivers.

The Beginnings of Knowledge

The "Cornhill Magazine" has recently given considerable space to the subject of children's theological views. It shows very distinctly that children are grossly misled by the careless use of language on grave subjects. This is the more reprehensible as the language is usually used in reply to the child's questions. A small boy was heard to tell his sister that their bodies would not go to heaven, only their arms and legs. "Mamma said their bodies would not go." The same boy, when reproved for playing circus on Sunday with his rocking-horse, immediately announced that it was a missionary horse carrying converted slaves across the continent. It was this boy who, being very naughty, and being told to ask God to make him a good boy, finished up his petition with "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Surely he had not learned reverence, if he had been taught to use words that formed a petition. There is no part of a child's education so grossly abused as his education in spiritual matters. To awaken mere curiosity in a child's mind is not education. To intrude the unknowable on his attention is not giving moral instruction.

Servants' Complaints

The London "News" reports a demonstration in Hyde Park, London, by servants who wish legislation in their interests. Among their grievances were the sleeping accommodations. There is no doubt that high rents have resulted in reducing the space assigned to servants. The vast majority employing servants are not able to secure for them suitable rooms. This is especially true in apartment-houses in this country. The rooms assigned to servants are too small, not ventilated properly, and are frequently dark. The parlor has to endure many injustices due to the kitchen, but the kitchen can answer back. Not complaints, but mutual concessions and consideration, will bring order out of chaos.

The Care of the Teeth

At the annual Convention of the New Jersey State Dental Society a number of papers of peculiar value to the lay reader were read. Some of the statements made by the dentists were startling. One well-known dentist claimed that the proportion of people who take proper care of their teeth is not more than four per cent. in the rural districts, and about twenty per cent. in the cities. It was considered a hopeful sign for the teeth of the future Americans that mouth-washes were being used more commonly than in past years. It was declared that the people in the city objected to having their teeth pulled, while the country constituency objected to having teeth filled.

Cleanliness and Ventilation

On the return of the city residents from the country there is always a perceptible increase in the cases of typhoid fever in the cities. The causes of this are usually found in the water-supply of the summer location of the family. The increase in knowledge of the causes of typhoid has made the intelligent public more careful. Houses that have been closed several weeks should be aired before being slept in. Water should run freely through all the pipes in the house, and the cellar, always a source of danger, should have been ventilated all summer. Cleanliness and ventilation are the main necessities of health. Dirt and bad air kill more people than lack of food ever destroyed.

An Ideal Definition

At the annual session of the British Institute of Public Health, recently held in Glasgow, the sessions were devoted to the consideration of municipal problems. The Lord Provost of Glasgow defined a city government as designed to provide

> A city built and laid out under intelligent sanitary conditions and supervision. Everything in the conception and growth must tend to allow of the highest welfare of the people, so that they may have an opportunity to attain the highest degree of material, social, intellectual, and moral welfare.

A Library's Experiment

The Brooklyn Library has extended the field of its usefulness by forming reading clubs in the towns and villages of Long Island. These clubs become free delivery stations of the main library, which bears the cost of transporting the books. The increase in the membership justifies this movement. The library has five delivery stations within the limit of the city where books are delivered twice daily.

Food and Rest

A German chemist has been experimenting to determine the effect of sleep and rest immediately after eating. The results of these experiments prove that to lie in a horizontal position after eating aids digestion; sleep immediately following the eating of food retards digestion, especially if there is a tendency to dilated stomach, or with hyperacidity of the gastric juices.

Noise and the Death-Rate

It is, of course, impossible to state exactly what part noise in New York City plays in the death-rate and the sick-list, but every physician knows it must be considerable. How often the physician in his daily rounds finds it necessary to prescribe "perfect quiet" in order that the flickering spark of life remaining in the patient may be brought back to a healthy flame! Yet in nine cases out of ten that perfect quiet which he deems so important cannot be had, owing to the noises from the street. Especially is this true in warm weather, when windows must be kept open.

The makers of unnecessary noises in New York are not confined to any one class. All are more or less guilty, from the church people to the organ-grinder and the street peddler. Any one who studies this subject and observes carefully will be astonished and disgusted at the reckless disregard of each for the health, peace, and comfort of all others.

If you should go for a walk in Fifth Avenue on a fine afternoon, and all sorts and conditions of people were to begin to assault you with switches, you would call the police; they would be promptly arrested and properly punished. What for? They have not killed you, or maimed you, or drawn any blood, and you are apparently none the worse for these assaults. What they have done is to irritate the nerve terminations of one of your five senses—viz., that of touch, or the tactile sense—and through the nerves of this sense they have made you conscious of painful sensations. This is exactly the treatment you do receive from these same people, by their unnecessary assaults on another sense—viz., that of hearing. But should you ask the authorities to interfere in this case, you would likely be arrested yourself, and your sanity inquired into. This remarkable inconsistency—the prompt protection of one of our senses from assault, and the utter disregard of another—seems almost unaccountable, except on the ground of custom and habit. It is simply another instance of patience and long-suffering under abuse, for which the American public has become famous.—*J. H. Girdner, M.D., in North American Review.*

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For the Little People

The School Carpenter

By Anna M. Pratt

Mr. Pedda Gojjik, with his glue-pot and his tools,
Spends the long vacation in visiting the schools.

The multiplication tables are so battered everywhere
That it takes him all the summer to put them in repair;

Here a nail, and there a nail, and then a dab of glue:
When school begins again, you'll find they're quite as good as new.

The Collector of Waste

By Mrs. E. T. Corbett

It was very warm, and Jamie was tired. He had been riding on his bicycle all the afternoon, and now he was sitting in the vine-covered arbor on the lawn, waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was his bedtime.

But presently, as he leaned back, with his eyes half shut, he heard steps coming nearer, and when he opened his eyes he saw a queer little old man standing before him.

The little old man had a large knapsack strapped on his back, and carried a bulky parcel in one hand. He nodded to Jamie and said, "Good-evening," and then he sat down, took off his hat and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

"Are you a peddler?" asked Jamie, after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

But the old fellow smiled at this question and shook his head.

"I will tell you my business," he said, briskly. "I'm a Collector."

"And what do you collect?" inquired Jamie. "Postage-stamps, or coins, or autographs? I've tried collecting all those things myself, and I would like to see your collections ever so much."

The old man smiled again. Then he said: "No, I don't collect things of that sort. I am a Collector of Waste."

"A Collector of Waste!" said Jamie, much puzzled. "Why, I never heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by *waste*. Where do you find it? and what is it like?"

"That is just what I'm going to tell you," said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knapsack and laid it down.

"The world is full of waste-collectors like myself, only you have never been favored with a sight of one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day, and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy, I can tell you. Look at this knapsack and this parcel—all collected to-day!"

"Dear me!" said Jamie. "I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?"

"If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste, for you've given me lots of work to-day collecting it," replied the old man, severely.

"I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day!" exclaimed Jamie, indignantly. "Now that's nonsense!"

"It is, hey?" said the old man, with a cross look. "Well, then, I'll prove that it's true, and I'll make you own it, too, before I go. I have not time to open my knapsack now, but I will read the list of all you've wasted to-day from my memorandum-book," and he took out a small book and turned over the leaves, saying:

"Jamie—J—yes, here is your account—now listen. In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then when you were only half dressed you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs who were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes of the study hour drawing pictures in your copy-book, and you wasted eleven minutes more over that newspaper you carried to school.

"When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose, and wasted twelve minutes of your music-lesson time, besides—"

"Oh, stop! do stop!" cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. "Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please."

"Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then; your wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed to-day, and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles you only laughed at him, when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the post-office this afternoon, when you could have gone there so easily on your bicycle—"

"But I promised the boys to run races at four o'clock, and I had no time," Jamie protested.

"That is no excuse. They could have waited for you," said the old man. "Those opportunities to be kind all wasted in one day!"

"Well, I hope this is the end of your list," Jamie said, in a shamefaced way.

"By no means! There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoe-string was in a knot. Wasted opportunity for self-control! You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she entered the room. Wasted opportunity to be polite! You bought chewing-gum after resolving never to buy it again. Wasted money and wasted good resolution! But I have read enough to prove what I said, and I have no wish to be disagreeable."

The old man closed his book and looked at Jamie with a serious yet kindly gaze.

"Take pains, my dear boy," he said, as he picked up his knapsack. "It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. Whenever you are tempted to throw away anything as valuable as your time or your opportunities, remember the Collector of Waste! But hark! Your mother is calling you—don't waste a moment, I beg. Good-night."

Jamie sprang from his seat and ran toward the house. As he went out of the arbor he turned and looked back. The old man had vanished.

Business Sense

There has recently been passed in Brooklyn a law that compels all vehicles when in use at night to carry lanterns. Now one small boy saw here quite an opportunity to earn some money, so he provided himself with matches, and took his position close to the entrance to the park. When a driver or a bicyclist comes in sight without his carriage or bicycle lamp burning, the small boy rushes forward with his match ready, and says, "Light your lamp, sir? Light your lamp?" Now sometimes a wheelman does not know that his light is out, and quite often a carriage man has no matches, and the small boy with his eye to business has earned quite a little at this new employment. Perhaps he is a brother to the boy who has started a lemonade stand close to the Brooklyn Bridge. A great number of trolley cars run in at this point, and they have to stop for a few minutes to let passengers off and take them on. Now this small boy during the warm weather said to himself, "Here's my chance." So he got a large agate pail and filled it with ice-cold lemonade. That was his start, but in a little while he made a wooden box with divisions just large enough to hold an ordinary sized glass, and put a strong wooden handle on it, and instead of waiting for the car to stop he ran up the street with his wooden basket filled with glasses of lemonade, and met the trolley men and the conductors a block above the stopping-place. This gave them time to drink the lemonade while waiting for their passengers to get on and off, and now that small boy has half a dozen helpers. It is rather a puzzle how he manages, but he has kept the monopoly of the business at this point. Three or four blocks above there are half a dozen boys selling lemonade, but the boy on the bridge plaza seems to monopolize the custom at that point. Perhaps it is because everything he uses is so clean, and he wears a clean white apron. Last week he covered his pail with a tight-fitting cover and his stand with white oilcloth.

A New Use for Whales

There is a story told of a whale which is trained to wear a harness and drag a boat through the water. It was captured when about fifteen months old, and found to be very strong. It was driven by some Indians hunting whales into a small cove. The man who saw it stretched a wire netting across the mouth of the cove and made the whale a captive. He secured a walrus bladder, fastened to it a long rubber tube, and filled the bladder with milk. This bladder was put in a canoe, and two men paddled to the side of the baby whale, who was very tired. It took a long time and much patience to teach the whale to take the milk from the tube, but at last it was done, and then the men knew they could care for their strange pet. When the canoe started for the shore, the baby whale followed it. In a few days it would come close to the shore before it was feeding-time and raise its head from the water. It then occurred to one of the men that the whale could be trained.

Now his training began. He was given a name, Bulshoy, which in the language of the people of the Aleutian Islands means "immense." The whale learned to come to his owner when he was called. The next step was to train him to keep still when his owner put his hand upon him. A native was engaged as nurse and trainer, and he tamed the whale so thoroughly that he was able to measure him for his harness. This he designed and made. Then he taught the whale to let him put the harness on, and to wear it. Then the whale was harnessed to the station boat, and after a little he quieted down and drew it through the water.

Several voyages have been made to the coast villages, and now the newspapers tell us Bulshoy is drawing the boat down the Pacific coast to San Francisco.

He Knew His Way

The little people who read this page will doubtless be interested in this account of the pet dog who lives on a coast pilot-boat, and how he found his way home:

The Norfolk pilots have on their steamer, the Relief, two pets, a dog and a monkey. The Relief is stationed at the Capes—that is, between Cape Henry and Cape Charles—and cruises around waiting for incoming ships. The pilots sometimes have occasion to go ashore at Cape Henry, and the dog likes to go on shore with them. One day this summer he took a trip to the shore with the small boat, and, not being on hand when the boat went back to the steamer, got left on shore. About midnight the man on watch on deck heard a splashing at the side of the steamer, and, looking over the side, saw the dog swimming around trying to get on board; the steamer was then three or four miles off shore, and the dog had swam all that distance on a dark night and found the right vessel. The Baltimore pilots also have a steamer cruising in the same vicinity, and the dog either knew his own boat or had come to it by accident. We often hear of dogs finding their way home from long distances on land, but for one to do so at sea I think is something new. We will hope this one will not try the trick too often, or he might be drowned.

D. F. C.

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The Spectator

Man wants but little here below, but that little must take shape in a home. It has always been a matter of wonder to the Spectator that the English lodging-house system has taken no hold in America, where the boarding-house reigns instead. There is so much to be said in favor of the privacy of lodging-houses, with meals served in the lodger's rooms, and such serious objections to the almost vulgar lack of privacy in an American boarding-house, that we can lay the existence of the latter only to the proverbial easy-going American temperament. As it is, there is very little choice for the man who must fend for himself. As a matter of fate, he drifts sooner or later into that hollow mockery of home and family life—a boarding-house. It is possible to ward off this evil hour in a large city by living in lodgings, and, for variety's sake, eating in first one café and then another. Thus there is no attempt whatever at pinchbeck imitation of domestic life. But such roving grows horribly wearing to the most healthy, and in times of illness the shifting unrest of café life is a ceaseless rasp to the nerves. In course of time the homeless soul will be found settled, as the least of evils, in that limbo for which he is destined from the first.

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Not long ago the Spectator was sitting in a café listening—as café patrons will—to the conversation at the table next him, where two men were talking. Business interests apparently had flung them together, and each was sufficiently interested to be probing a little into the private life of the other. One was a healthy, happy-looking fellow, and the other a sad-eyed soul with a thin, resigned face. The sad-faced man was talking of the married state, apparently, and presently, looking up at his companion, said abruptly: "Are you married?" The happy man reddened, and looked still happier as he mumbled something about "not yet" and "if all goes well, we hope"—"Ah, yes," interrupted the sad-eyed man, "every man should be. I have boarded for twenty years." His tone was a tragedy, and the man he spoke to looked at him with the kindest commiseration. Yet all the woe the weary stranger confessed was a life of boarding, which is the lot of quite a third of the American race.

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To marry for a home table is not, perhaps, the highest impulse to matrimony, but if, as is asserted, the American youth has a tendency to fight shy of the matrimonial yoke, then it is surely for the good of the country at large that boarding-houses do continue to exist as whips for the matrimonial market. That one use alone should justify their existence, their *raison d'être*. The Spectator knew one poor lonely gentleman who in despair married his cook, who had kept house for him since his wife's death. "She was about to leave me, and it was that or a boarding-house," he explained, considering the fear of the alternative excuse sufficient; and, indeed, it is a brave man who holds his own between boarding and matrimony and falls into neither. The Spectator remembers one kindly old sea captain who, refusing both refuges, placidly "eat from the cart and cooked his own hearties," to use his vernacular. He built for himself a one-room cabin with a board floor, on which he marked off four chalk-lines as partitions. Here was his dining-room, here his parlor, there his bedroom, there his kitchen. The avocations of one department were never allowed to crowd over into the others, and a guest was expected to sit exactly between the white parlor lines. The amenities of life were thus carefully preserved, and the man was an independent, happy old fellow, living as he pleased, with none to interfere. We ought to be able to associate something holy and sacred with the roof that covers us, regarding all dwelling beneath its eaves, even to the very wrens and swallows, as part of one family. The tenement, the apartment systems, strike a blow at that charming sentiment, but it is still possible to have sacred privacy in apartment life, to call the ceiling the roof and to retain the home feeling. It is the life in a boarding-house that kills the home instinct.

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There is much that is ludicrous and unnatural in boarding, because the position of strangers, often inimical, deciding to make one household is in itself a humorous if not undignified idea. Look at the miserable face of the dinner guest who has allotted to him an uncongenial mate. He must sit through a whole dinner with her! But if he claims our sympathy, what of the poor boarder who has often on *both* sides, breakfast, dinner, and supper, day after day, persons so uncongenial that his very soul is sick at the prospect of the next meal in such company! A land of boarding-houses we are, and seem fated to be. Let us smile and suffer. What is, is—and the best must be made of it. The Spectator has been boarding of late, and he sat down with himself with the determination that he would for once try to put himself in the place of his landlady, and look at matters wholly from her point of view. It was astonishing to him, when he arose, to realize how much of a side she had. He liked boarding not a whit better, but, like hating the sin and loving the sinner, his feeling toward his landlady was kinder. In the first place, he reflected that there is no other legitimate business on earth that makes its specialty supplying creature comforts to others, and *profits* by shaving down those same creature comforts to a point as low as the creature will allow. He furthermore acknowledged to himself that the profits of his landlady must be at best scanty and precarious. Those who make a living in this business—viewed coldly as a business, and why not?—are not, as a rule, those who make their households most luxuriously comfortable, but those who withhold as many comforts as they dare. It is naturally war to the knife between boarder and housekeeper because of this reason, and because the boarder is being attacked in places very vulnerable.

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"What in the world are you complaining and grumbling about to-day?" asked the Spectator of his next neighbor at the boarding-house table. "This is an excellent breakfast, beautifully served." "That's your gratitude," replied the grumbler. "And pray why is the breakfast good? Simply because I keep up the standard of this house by kicking all the time. If it weren't for me the table would be second-rate in a week." Perhaps he was right. The Spectator, for himself, would rather drink watered coffee and eat indifferent eggs than work so hard for what he has already paid a money price. But, turning back to the landlady's side, a side not often explored, the Spectator has actually worked himself into a better understanding of her position, and flatters himself that he has never before seen her side in print from a boarder's pen. What the Spectator finds he wants of her are not the olives and flowers and gewgaws with which she strives, pitifully as he now realizes, to make her table homelike to him. What his appetite is craving is a bit of corn pone, such as Aunt Sophy used to make, and such as he taught his own cook to make. Or, again, it is a baked apple seasoned as Aunt Jane seasons hers, and as his own cook now seasons them. That's a home table. It's just the catering to those foolish little oddities of appetite that makes home tables delicious.

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In his present reasonable mood the Spectator sees how absolutely impossible it would be to cater thus to all the appetites at a general table, however simple the varying tastes. At a recent picnic the Spectator chanced to wander off alone, and, entering a wood near by, found sitting on a stump one of the belles of the occasion, who had stolen away from the crowd. She held in one hand an apple, in the other a ginger-cake, and was meditatively nibbling first one, then the other. When she found herself discovered, she blushingly confessed that as a child at home she had always loved apples and ginger-cakes eaten together, and was then trying to see if they tasted as well as she remembered. "They do," she ended, feelingly; and the Spectator thought it a hardship that so simple a joy should have been lost to her through lack of a home table. Yet if their common landlady had provided desserts of apples and ginger-cakes, the Spectator would have been outraged.

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There are three subjects on which it is useless to argue with any one, as no one ever convinces the other; and these three subjects are religion, the management of children, and eating. What is meat in one locality is poison in another, and *vice versa*. "Terrapins!" cried a Southern woman living North; "of course I like them, but why does everybody here ask me about terrapins? The other day at a dinner-party a Boston woman called to me all across the table, 'Miss ——, of course you eat terrapins?' I fairly lost my temper. 'Yes,' I said; 'don't you eat beans?'" With such conflicting appetites does the boarding-house table deal, and little wonder if it fails to satisfy any. The varying wants of a large family are tax enough on the mother of the brood, but there is no question of money on either side, and with patience and love and respect on both sides the wheels of the home chariot are greased. No such oil greases the wheels that wander in boarding-houses, so they dismally creak. To prevent the wheels creaking and whispering together is the aim and object of every keeper of boarding-houses. The Spectator has known of one so wise as to insist that her boarders shall each week change places at table. The plan, if a trifle dictatorial, prevented monotony, and, what more concerned the landlady, prevented the interchange of grumblings. Yet another wise housekeeper known to the Spectator refuses to keep any guest after a year's sojourn. They may go and return, but go they must at a year's end. The lot of a paid housekeeper is no sinecure. If her ears did not burn at whispers behind her back, we may be sure that her heart does burn, for whispers always carry.

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Every time he boards the Spectator makes up his mind that if he is spared he will never do so again; but on this one occasion his heart is touched and his mind is opened, and though all this is written on a boarding-house table, by a boarding-house lamp, he is making up his mind that if he lives through it to board again he will try to remember that, though he could himself keep the house far better than it is being kept, if he were keeping house he would not be boarding, and the reason he is boarding is because he did not want to keep house.

Detective Rays

Elizabeth Banks, a journalistic writer in England, relates in a London paper some recent experiments with the Roentgen rays. This is the account:

"She had taken her pocketbook to be photographed under this process, in order to see whether the picture would reveal the presence of the coins within it. This it did, and as she was counting the disks shown through the leather, she perceived a small black point of familiar outlines. Then she exclaimed:

"'I have found my ruby!'

"Opening the pocketbook, she searched in the place indicated by the black point on the photograph, and there, tucked in between two folds of leather, she discovered a small ruby which she had lost some time before, and could nowhere find.

"It had slipped from a ring which she wore at a moment when she was taking something from the pocketbook, and had glided in between two thicknesses of leather. There its presence was altogether unsuspected, and would have remained so until after the pocketbook was worn out and discarded, if this extraordinary method of photography had not revealed it."

"Why do you wear that suit? You don't ride a bicycle, do you?" "No; but the bicyclists naturally think I play golf." "Why, you don't know a golf link from a vacant lot!" "Of course not; but the golf-players all think I ride a wheel."—*Chicago Post.*

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The Silver Question

"The Existing Gold Standard" and the Farmers

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have voted the Republican ticket for nearly forty years, and now expect to vote it this fall, as, on the whole, safest; but I think our party seems to be making two mistakes which may cause its defeat: First, it virtually ignores the farmers this year in its discussions. Second, it seems to be working towards permanent gold monometallism rather than towards international bimetallism.

First, it virtually ignores the farmers. The Outlook says that Senator Sherman's speech (Columbus, O., August 15) "is likely to become one of the text-books in this 'campaign of education.'" In that speech he has much sympathy for soldiers' widows, savings-banks depositors, holders of life insurance policies, and the like, in case National bimetallism shall pay them in 53-cent dollars; but not one word of sympathy in the entire speech for the farmers under the burdens loaded upon them by the double dollar of "the existing gold standard," and the consequent halving of the values of their farms and their farm products.

What harm has been done to the farmers? What burdens have been loaded upon them by that doubled dollar since 1873? From the east line of Illinois clear to the Atlantic, farms have shrunk in value nearly one-half since 1873 or even 1876. This holds on the average, except where underlying coal, petroleum, etc., or nearness to cities, has given local booms. West of the line named, farms have appreciated somewhat on the average, because of general influx of population; but the rise there has been far less rapid, especially the past eight years, than in similar circumstances before 1873. The proofs are somewhat voluminous, but can be given if desired.

Farm lands have shrunk because farm products have shrunk in value. On this point I give condensed results of official figures: Wheat at our seaports, ready to export, averaged in coin for sixty years—1820-'80—$1.18. In 1895 it touched 58 cents—less than half. Wheat in England, from 1846 to 1874, averaged 173.8 cents (United States money) per bushel. From '74 to '95 it averaged 115.1 cents, and in '93, '94, and '95 it averaged 73.2 cents—less than half. Fine wool (XX.) averaged 50 cents per lb. for the forty years '52 to '92; but in '95 it shrunk to 16 cents—less than one-third. Government reports show that the average cash income per acre from the five great staples, corn, wheat, oats, hay, and cotton, shrunk as follows for the several five-year periods here given: '66-'70 (inclusive), $15.64; '71-'75, $15.19; '76-'80, $11.88; '81-'85, $11.28; '86-'90, $9.89; '93, $8.15. Since '93 the figures are not at hand, but we all know the shrinkage has continued—doubtless to less than half the average from '66 to '75, inclusive. Like shrinkage may be shown on the average for other farm crops and live stock and their products. Special local or temporary causes affecting demand or supply have often sustained or depressed individual crops for limited periods or areas; but, on the average, farm products have shrunk in value about one-half all over the land, and farms themselves have similarly shrunk in value, east of about the Chicago line—as measured by "the existing gold standard."

What chiefly has produced this unprecedented shrinkage, this fearful loss to the farmers? Let us very briefly consider the "causes" most frequently and persistently urged:

1. "Our tariff laws"? No, for the shrinkage has been world-wide, not local, as Sauerbeck's well-known "index numbers" conclusively show. Further, here in the United States the decline has gone on with accelerating speed through Republican and Democratic administrations, alternating each four years since 1880. Tariffs have changed, but "the existing gold standard" has been sacredly maintained by both parties from 1873 down to date, and the fall in prices has been continuous.

2. "Better machinery"? No; for the great world-lifting inventions in agriculture (including the further manufacture of agriculture's "finished products") nearly all came along before 1876, while farms and their products have shrunk in value almost wholly since then, fastest of all since the repeal of the Sherman silver law and the closing of the India mints to silver in 1893. Steam-engine, cotton-gin, spinning-jenny, power-loom, power cylinder thresher and separator, steel tools and machines for horse-power farming, were in use before 1850, most of them long before. The mowing-machine came in 1851, the reaper in 1859, and even the self-binder came in 1876. All these world-lifting inventions came long before the ruinous fall in prices began, and did not, when they came, materially affect prices.

3. "Cheaper transportation"? This is persistently urged. No; no really great improvements in transportation have been made since 1880, since which date most of the fall, in wheat especially, has occurred. Steamboat, railway, locomotive—cheap steel rails even—considerably antedated the fall in prices. Further, freights have not declined, *if computed in percentage or in pounds per bushel*. For the decade '76-'85, inclusive, wheat in Chicago averaged 101.8 cents per bushel in gold, and the freight (rail and lake) averaged 11.95 cents per bushel, or 11.7+ *per cent.* of its Chicago value. From '86-'95, inclusive, wheat averaged 77.5 cents per bushel, and the freight (rail and lake) averaged 9.07 cents per bushel, or 11.7+ *per cent.* of its Chicago value. Such identical *per cents.* of value for freight charged indicate careful figuring in order to charge "all the traffic would bear." Freights fell in dollars because wheat had fallen in dollars, not the converse. The object casts the shadow, not the shadow the object.

4. "Over-production"? "Since when?" This country's total annual wheat (for wheat is the chosen battle-ground) above actual export for the crops of '82, '83, and '84 averaged 345,000,000 bushels, and the export price averaged 102 cents per bushel. But the crops of '92, '93, and '94, above actual export, averaged only 290,000,000 bushels—55,000,000 bushels less per year—and yet the export price averaged only 70 cents! The 19 per cent. smaller crops brought a 32 per cent. smaller price, instead of a 19 per cent. larger price as they should. No, it is not "over-production" nor "enormous surplus above export demand" that has caused the fall. The facts are exactly in the opposite direction.

5. "Resumption of specie payment, 1875-9"? No, for our figures given above have been specie figures, and the fall in prices has been similar in all nations where gold is the standard *and in none where silver is the standard*, as I shall be glad to prove by official figures if the statement is questioned. No, none of these or other oft-echoed causes can explain this general steady fall in prices. What is the real or chief cause?

Most of the really careful and unbiased economic students agree that the real cause was the destruction, about 1873, by several of earth's chief commercial nations, of about one-half of their actual or final redemption money. The demand for final money regularly increasing with the increase of population and of civilized commerce, and the supply of such final or actual money being suddenly cut down one-half by the concurrent laws of these nations, the half (gold) not thus cut down (demonetized)—that half must inevitably, though gradually, rise in value, according to the unchanging law of relative demand and supply. And it did thus gradually rise in value as measured by forty-five of earth's leading commodities of agriculture and manufactures, and by silver bullion, thus made a mere commodity. This is conclusively proved by Sauerbeck's celebrated tables or "index numbers," known to all careful students of currency questions and disproved by none. That is, he proves that a given number of ounces of gold will buy about twice as much of averaged commodities now as it would buy in 1873, or for twenty or forty years before 1873.

That is to say, gold has nearly doubled in value. For "value" is simply the "ratio of exchange" or "power in swapping" for other commodities; and gold now has, as Sauerbeck proves, nearly twice as much "power in swapping." The farmer, therefore, must "swap" twice as much of his land or its products to get a dollar or a hundred dollars as he did in 1873—since all our money is now on "the existing gold basis." The steady, long fall in prices *came only when and only where* the gold standard was adopted and enforced.

The advocates of the "existing gold standard" say, "What of it? Farmers can buy as cheaply as they must sell." Yes and no. Yes; most of the products of land or material and labor are cheaper, except those made or sold under patent, trust, or some other form or means of monopoly, either of the material, the means of manufacture, or the means of reaching market. No; for farmers sell more than they buy, and debts, interest, insurance, taxes, official and professional salaries and fees, railway fares, hotel rates, tuition and fees in college for our sons and daughters, and all monopoly commodities and services—these and such like things which the intelligent American farmer and his family must have or relapse towards ignorance and semi-barbarism—these things, I say, cost, on the average, just as many dollars as they did before 1873, and each dollar costs the farmer twice as much of average farm crops as before 1873—twice as much of the products of his land and toil.

Thus the farmers feel, numbly at first but day by day more clearly, distinctly, and intelligently, that they have been cruelly wronged out of half their capital and half of their incomes—all since 1873. Vast and constantly increasing numbers of them feel that "the existing gold standard" is what chiefly has hurt and is still hurting them, and that no real relief can come until we return to the bimetallism of our prosperous days. As a class they are conservative, loyal to country, to justice, to law and order, and even to party. It is an outrage to call them Nihilists, Anarchists, Communists, or even cranks. But of late they have begun to jump party fences with an alacrity that may well alarm the bosses.

The points I am trying to make are, that this injustice and distress are chiefly due to "the existing gold standard," that they are very real and very great, and that it is a terrible mistake to ignore them and ignore the farmers wholly, as John Sherman did in his Columbus speech, or to tell them their distress is all due to wrong tariff and not at all to "the existing gold standard," as Mr. McKinley did in his letter of acceptance. It is a mistake, both because it is unjust and untrue, and because the farmers are an influential class. Until quite recent years they paid half of the taxes, cast half of the votes, and they and their families made up about half of our population and furnished the best half of our college graduates and of our business and professional men in our towns and cities. They are not so noisy or so turbulent in maintaining their rights and avenging their wrongs as "the laboring classes" in our cities, factories, and mines; but—the proverb says, "Beware of the wrath of the patient man!"

I am sure it will be wise for our Republican leaders to keep the farmers in mind, and either try to convince them that "the existing gold standard" is a good thing for them, or else, frankly admitting that it has been and is a very bad thing, make it plain that they "mean business" and declare that they will use every legitimate effort to return to bimetallism at the earliest possible safe moment.

Second, I think it a most serious mistake for the party to seem (as it does seem) to be working rapidly towards permanent gold monometallism rather than international bimetallism. John Sherman's Columbus speech spends some four columns—nearly its entire extent—in defending the demonetizing act of 1873, in sneering at those who think it was a "crime" or, at best, a deplorable mistake, and in trying to prove that silver was really demonetized long before; but he has only two lines, and these quoted from the platform, to speak, and incidentally at that, in regard to international bimetallism. William McKinley has only twenty-eight words out of a total of 14,000 to say in favor of securing a return to bimetallism. They are as follows: "The Republican party has declared in favor of an international agreement, and, if elected, it will be my duty to employ all proper means to promote it." He does not even add that personally he desires such agreement, but goes right on again proclaiming the dire evils sure to follow any effort of 70,000,000 people to legislate for themselves on this subject.

Even the St. Louis platform favors and promises to promote international agreement only in six words, tucked away in a relative clause or parenthesis, and spends two entire paragraphs in declaring that "the existing gold standard" must be sacredly maintained "until," etc. The "sound money" press jubilantly hailed the platform as a "victory for gold," while many of the papers scout the idea of international agreement and declare openly that we want permanent gold monometallism. If the Republican party favors this last idea, it should say so openly and frankly. If not, it should make it perfectly manifest that it really desires and will earnestly work for and secure international bimetallism at the earliest possible moment.

OLD REPUBLICAN FARMER.

Hudson, O.

More Questions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Prompted by Mr. L. M. Stearns's questions, I would like to ask one or two questions:

1. If it is true that, two products having precisely the same uses, their relative value (commercial ratio) will depend on their relative available quantities, were not the countries of the Latin Union fully warranted in suspending silver coinage on private account in 1874?

2. Is it not history that even they were unable to overcome the five per cent. deviation from the ratio of 15½?

3. Is it not a fact that from 1800 to 1873 the variation in the production of silver the world over was inconsiderable, thereby of necessity causing a stable ratio between the two metals, gold and silver?

4. It is true that France and the United States were coining freely at a ratio not less than 15 to 1, nor exceeding 16 to 1. Is it not also matter of history that during the same period—1800 to 1873—all Europe, England excepted, were doing likewise, at approximately the same ratio?

5. Is the fall in the price of silver due to the destruction of one of its uses *more* than to the enormous increase of its production? If yes, why has its production increased so enormously? No one denies that the loss of one of its uses has helped to depreciate it. But certainly the enormous increase in its output (a goodly amount is by-product, hence a clear profit) indicates that the increase in production is

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the principal factor in the fall of the market value of silver.

6. If a Mexican silver dollar will buy as much of any given list of commodities as it would when silver was $1.29 an ounce, does that indicate any more than that its purchasing power (where it is accepted as a dollar) has remained stationary? But has it remained so? It is said that one may in Mexico purchase with an American silver dollar commodities to the value of fifty cents, and receive a Mexican silver dollar (containing more silver than our dollar) in addition to the goods. Is that true? Is it approximately true? If so, was it so in 1873?

7. Will a gold dollar buy as much of everything as it would ten or fifteen years ago? Have not some commodities maintained their value as measured by gold? Have not some things appreciated? With respect to labor, is the purchasing power of a gold dollar greater or less than it was ten or fifteen years ago?

8. Do we want a dollar whose purchasing power shall not change? Can we prevent the change? Shall we return to the days of 1872 and '73, when the purchasing power of a dollar was sufficient to buy one-fifth the quantity of nails it would buy in 1894, one-half the quantity of glass, one-fourth the amount of kerosene oil, one-third the amount of sugar, one-half as much calico, or one-half the amount of carpeting?

9. How long would the credit of the country be believed in abroad if our obligations were paid in silver? Does not the option rest with the Secretary of the Treasury? Does he not sincerely believe that the exigencies require him to pay in the money that is desired by civilized men as the best?

10. How much bond-selling would there have been if our Government's income had been sufficient to meet its current expenses?

11. Why did we buy no bonds from 1879 to 1892?

12. Will there be any need of selling bonds of the United States when once again our revenues equal or exceed our expenses?

13. Will a free-coinage policy adopted by this Government alone raise the market price of silver to $1.29 an ounce? If so, why did silver fall during the operation of the Bland-Allison and miscalled Sherman laws? And, in spite of that fall, in the face of the fact that the United States were trying to aid the white metal, why did the production of silver increase?

14. If the United States adopts a free-coinage policy, and if the result is a rise in the price of silver to $1.29 an ounce, will that rise be sudden or gradual? If gradual, and while the ratio is different from the bullion ratio, which would undervalue gold, would we be able to maintain a concurrent circulation of the two metals?

15. Can any man point to a historical instance of a nation maintaining a concurrent circulation of both gold and silver as money when the coinage ratio differs from the commercial ratio, thus undervaluing one or the other metal?

16. Did the United States ever succeed in so doing?

17. Does any free-coinage country do so to-day?

W. F. SMALL.

North Anson, Me.

The "Demand" for Money

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The silver problem, as presented to the American people for determination at the approaching election, may be resolved into two principal questions.

1. How can the precious metals, gold, silver, etc., in the interval between their production and consumption, be kept available as a circulating medium? The experience of mankind shows that this result is most nearly effected by the methods now in use in the leading countries of the world. The monetary systems of the United States, of England, and of other great nations provide copper and nickel for small payments, silver for moderate transactions, and gold and paper for the conduct of larger business. The earlier method of fixing a ratio and giving free coinage to each metal has always resulted in a divergence between the mint and market ratios, and in the expulsion of the undervalued metal from the monetary system.

Whether we shall do business with gold alone, or with silver alone, or with neither or both, are questions involving little besides our own convenience. Whichever currency we adopt, buying and selling will continue, though perhaps wholly upon a cash basis. He who accepts gold for his labor, in the expectation of giving gold for bread and meat, can look with complacency upon the rise of gold. In like manner he who, in exchanging wheat for lumber, uses silver as a medium, can, by a little activity, avoid the consequences of its fall. But the fact that we can bear discomfort is no reason why we should be willing and eager to do so. We should not put any convenient form of money beyond our reach merely because it is used by nations and classes whom it is desired that we should dislike. That our skinflint neighbor gathers his grain with a reaper is no reason why we should swing a scythe, even though we follow the footsteps of all our ancestors. It is folly to reject our convenience in order to indulge our prejudices.

2. What standard is the most equitable for use as a legal tender in payment of debts? This question involves the most serious moral and economic considerations. The right and duty of the debtor to pay in an unchanging medium are too plain to need argument. It is the fear of a possible infraction of this moral law that now hampers our general prosperity. The borrower's aversion to an appreciation of the standard, and the lender's aversion to a depreciation, bring credit business to a standstill. The present distrust is the fear of such legislation as would occasion a change from one metallic standard to another. The changes in the value of each metal are natural and gradual, and can usually be foreseen and provided against by changing rates of interest. But arbitrary changes from one metallic basis to another, at any artificial ratio, cannot be predicted or provided against, and must injure countless persons innocent of offense.

The assumption that the use of a cheaper metal for making exchanges and payments will add to its price, and that the disuse of a dearer metal for that purpose will lower its price, is unfounded in fact. The opening of a mint does not create a demand for coin, any more than the erection of a mill creates a demand for sacks of flour. Each act is but a step in the preparation of a supply to meet a demand which must have an independent existence. Nor does the use of a commodity as a measure of value confer any value upon that commodity. Continued use adds nothing to the length of a yardstick. So the value of a hundred articles can be compared to a single gold dollar, and the wealth of the world may be summed up in its terms and be owned to-day in London and to-morrow in New York, without in any way affecting the value of the dollar. Nor yet is the demand for gold and silver as a circulating medium such a demand as adds materially to their value. For such a purpose they must compete with copper and paper.

The precious metals acquire their value from their use in the arts, and are used as money because they are more convenient than any other article getting its value in the same way. While in use as money they are merely a supply waiting to meet any demand in the arts. Corn in a crib, whether in Kansas City or New York, is a supply, and, though it be shelled and ground and shoveled from bin to bin and sold as often as the hammer falls, it remains a supply until it rots or until it reaches some man or beast who consumes it. Gold wears but little, and never decays. The coin comes from till to counter, passes from hand to hand, and makes the circuit of the globe, but it remains a supply, with a "bearish" influence upon the price of gold, until it is beaten into rings and chains to appease the human desire for ornamentation. It acquires no value in going from the vaults of Vanderbilt to the pockets of his chimney-sweep, and the zero increment is yet zero after the operation is repeated or reversed ten thousand times. No more value is added to gold because it may be stamped with the symbols of liberty and have access to the treasuries of kings than is added to the value of common clay because it may bear the image of the Creator and become the residence of the spirit to which are opened the portals of Heaven. Every commodity, bought upon the open market for use as money, returns as a commodity to the open market by operation of a law as immutable as the divine decree, "Dust thou art, to dust returnest." Though the debtor may demand gold with which to pay his obligation, the creditor is not satisfied until the gold is gone again. Whatsoever demand may exist for money as money is offset by a precisely equal desire to get rid of it again.

The relation of supply and demand does, indeed, fix the price of gold and silver, but the economists err in reckoning with the mass in use as money as though it were a form of consumption, whereas merchants deal with it as merely the convenient disposition of a supply. It is the demand for gold watches, gilt-bound books, and gold-rimmed spectacles that maintains the price of gold. Only by increasing or diminishing the output from the mines or by increasing or diminishing the demand in the arts can the law operate to modify the price of either gold or silver. Careful investigation would show that the innovations of Dr. Keeley have more enhanced the value of gold (and decreased the demand for Democratic statesmanship) than have all the machinations of Cleveland and Carlisle. The universal adoption of the gold standard would have no permanent effect upon the price of gold, and the change from a gold to a silver basis in this country can add no appreciable amount to the price of silver. The delusion that legislation is enhancing our gold and depreciating our silver is akin to the equally tenacious delusion that "the sun do move."

If this reasoning be valid, free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1, whether national or international, would surely result in an arbitrary change to a lower standard. International bimetallism can only be justified by an approximate adherence to the marke ratio. Combined action, careful and frequent, on the part of all the large nations, will be required to avoid the consequences of Gresham's law, and the effort can be regarded as only an experiment. It would seem likely to succeed. The advantages of an international sound currency would justify any reasonable experiment. If it can be understood that we remain upon the present basis until the general agreement can put us upon a better, business can be resumed with sufficient confidence to give us all a chance to live and prosper.

J. F. L.

Hutchinson, Kan.

The "Progress" of Mexico

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I do not quite understand Mr. N. O. Nelson's contention that what he calls the progress of Mexico is attributable to her free coinage of silver. Sparta enjoyed prosperity under Lycurgus with a coinage of iron, and the early State of Franklin (afterward Tennessee) progressed to some extent with a currency of deer, raccoon, otter, beaver, mink, and muskrat skins. Nor is the absence of panics and depressions in Mexico a necessary index of a superior financial system, any more than the absence of strikes and trades-unions is of a superior civilization. The low prices paid to labor in Mexico and Japan may "progress" those who employ it, but I am reminded that there are still those surviving of the Old South who "point with pride" to the system of labor *owned* there, before the war, as the best system the world ever saw, where strikes were never heard of and great material progress was made among the slaveholding class. Those were the days of free silver in this country, too, but before the advent of Booker T. Washington. Nor is the "progress" of Mexico and Japan necessarily an argument for free silver at all; it is said that Japan's best statesmen are hoping to "progress" out of it, just as other nations have done as soon as they progressed out of barbarism and semi-civilization.

E. V. C.

Deadwood, S. Dak.

Is an Appreciating Standard "Honest" to the Debtor?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook has, as much as any journal I read, the qualities of clearness and fairness, and what it says upon the silver question is therefore fully satisfactory to me, except as to the soundness of the conclusions.

The thing most to be desired in this discussion is the frankness to agree upon the facts, and the candor to accept the just conclusion. To assist myself to this, I wish to refer to articles in your issue of August 15, all opposed to silver, and all, as far as I know, involving error of fact, or unwarranted assumption. It is upon such that the conclusion against silver rests.

"T. J. P." speaks of gold as being "the yardstick by which the whole world measures things." Is that the fact? Does not much more than half the world, including many prosperous peoples, also use silver as a measure? Is not the use of gold as a sole measure a very new thing, and have its results been satisfactory? Or by what agreement has the "whole world" adopted the gold standard? Your correspondent also adds that "gold varies the least in price of any money metal." Is this true? That gold varies he implies, and therefore it cannot be a reliable yardstick; that it has appreciated The Outlook freely asserts. That it is gold which has appreciated rather than silver which has fallen is indicated by the fall, along with silver, and in the same ratio, of all staple products and articles. Bimetallists believe that gold and silver together form a less variable yardstick than either one alone.

The article of "T. J. P." indicates the condition of many opponents of silver—simply that they are not well informed.

Henry Wood, in the same issue, cites "declining rate of interest, and statistical increase of money per capita," as proof that money has not grown scarce. Upon what statistics does he rely? Or, if scarcity of money is an evil, how can he maintain that under present conditions it will not become scarce. Have there not been heavy exports of gold to Europe, and will they not continue? Have there not for many years been heavy exports—deportations—of silver by the Chinese? Now, if silver coinage is permanently stopped, what will there be to keep up the supply? As a matter of fact, has Mr. Wood any statistics to show just how much money there is in free circulation in the United States? Or, if his assertion is correct that low prices are due to foreign production and competition, how are we to meet our vast foreign demands for interest, rent, travel, dividends, and private transmission in a currency which we can no longer obtain, in default of agricultural products?

As to interest, is it true that use of money, including brokerage, is generally at a low rate? Is not low interest confined chiefly to New York, on call?

Many other equally ill-considered assumptions seem to me involved in Mr. Wood's article; one

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being that we now have "practical bimetallism." As a matter of fact, we do not have it at all. Silver is at present a mere token of gold, and might far better be substituted by paper, and does not in the least affect the price of gold or gold securities.

The conclusion of Dr. van Dyke rests entirely upon what is certainly a mistaken assumption. "Money," he says, "is the international medium of exchange." Is this Dr. van Dyke's definition of money, or what authority is he quoting? As a matter of fact, is there any "international medium of exchange"? If so, what is it? When and by whom was it thus constituted? What coinage laws of the United States, or of England, or of any other nation, accepted by the United States, has made gold an "international medium of exchange"? Or, if such "international medium" has been made by general consent or private agreement, who has been empowered to thus consent or agree for the nations of the world?

It is upon assumptions like this of Dr. van Dyke's that the silver men are charged with dishonesty.

"Honest" bimetallism, moreover, which Dr. van Dyke approves, is that bimetallism which can never be secured. His "honest" way of getting it is the way by which it can never be gotten; for that involves the consent of those who will not consent. The bimetallist promise of the Republican Convention is to be taken with the same latitude as its "temperance and morality" utterance—meaning nothing: the only justification for such utterances being that there are always those who will believe them.

Coining money and fixing the value of it belong to our own Congress, and not to an international agreement. No independent nation allows other governments to fix its money policy. There is no international money.

These errors of your correspondents are interesting to me as indicating the present average status of intelligence on the money question of those who favor gold.

The editorial in your same issue certainly does not involve the errors, nor the rancorous spirit, of most of the gold advocates. Yet the main assumptions seem to deviate so far from the real situation as to carry no conviction to a silver man.

You say, "Nothing could be more demoralizing than a successful attempt to pay a dollar of indebtedness by a fifty-cent piece." Are you not here making an assumption that you would find it difficult to sustain?—*i. e.*, that a silver dollar would be worth only a fifty-cent piece? Certainly uncoined silver, when there is little demand, is worth but fifty-three cents; but do you hold that under free coinage, increasing the demand, there would be no appreciation? or do you mean to say that it would fall three cents? Or, if, as you admit and assert, demonetization of silver caused appreciation of gold, how can you hold that remonetization of silver would not cause depreciation of gold, so as to greatly close the disparity between the two? If that were so, would not your reference to paying a dollar by a fifty-cent piece be at least a great exaggeration? Or, if gold should fall on account of free coinage of silver, and debts were paid in gold thus depreciated, would you call that paying a dollar by fifty cents?

Again, is it not an unproved assumption that paying debts in silver would be repudiation? Is the National debt made payable in gold? Or by what law, either in government or morals, are we bound to pay obligations, contracted in either of two commodities, in the dearer? Are we compelled to do so because the creditors desire the dearer? Are we compelled because foreigners, who wish our wealth, prefer that metal which will bring them the most of that wealth? Is the demand of our creditors a righteous demand, and are we honest in yielding to them in paying our debt in appreciated money? Is it not just as honest, just as necessary in morals, to see that justice is done to the debtor as to the creditor? Or, if it is fraud and repudiation to pay debts in a depreciated currency, what is it but oppression and robbery to require payment in an appreciated currency? and is not the latter, in the light of history, a much greater evil than the former?

But, in the next place, is it applicable to say that two wrongs do not make a right? If, as you say, it was a wrong to demonetize silver, how is it a wrong to undo that wrong? Or, if the injury done to the South and West by demonetization of silver went to the advantage of others—as certainly creditors did reap profit by receiving pay in appreciated metal—does it not now right that injury to let the South and West meet their debts in a depreciated currency? Or in what way does The Outlook propose to right the wrong? Or does it not propose to right it at all? If the latter, can it complain if the South and West proceed to right their injury the best way they can? Or how does it strike you as a fair proposition to say that, after a serious injury has been done—and is still being done—to the South and West, they must refrain from measures of relief so as not to injure the East? Surely the West and South will not do anything out of revenge; but what of the East, if it allows the other victims to be injured, and then preaches "honesty" and "righteousness" to those whom it is injuring, and quickly pockets the profits? Or does it come with good grace from those who, by causing an appreciation of the currency, have been oppressing certain sections, to call those whom it is oppressing defrauders and repudiators because they will not vote to continue that oppression?

Sectional issues are not altogether pleasant or safe. Yet the responsibility of making the money question a sectional issue lies mostly with the East. The East is the capitalist section. The South and the West since the war have needed capital, and have borrowed it of the East, and, through the East, of Europe. They are willing to pay a fair interest, but when they see a purpose on the part of the East to double their debts and interest, by appreciating the value of the medium in which debts must be paid, and still further to render them incapable of paying, and thereby to evict them from their lands and homes, and reduce them to the condition of European peasantry, they see a condition which they will not endure.

Should it come to a sectional struggle, the East knows very well what the result would be. "A serious injury" unredressed means in the end retaliation. If the East is just or honest or intelligent, it will not let the injury it has done go unredressed, or refuse the redress that the West and South propose.

What makes the situation less dangerous, however, is that the masses of the people at the East—the laborers and farmers—do not like the capitalists as masters any more than the Western and Southern farmers do. The West and South do not expect justice from the Eastern capitalist, but from the Eastern people they do, and they will not be disappointed.

H. S. L.

Astoria, Oregon.

Correspondence

A Correction

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you kindly allow me to correct a few statements made in the issue of August 15 in the review of Dr. Bergstresser's "Baptism and Feet-Washing"? It is stated that "the Tunkers, a sect of German Baptists, are found mostly in Pennsylvania. They are extreme literalists, and usually as extremely ignorant, so that no literary argument would be likely to reach them." Also "they meet in barns, build no meeting-houses, practice public confession of sins and general absolution from the congregation."

In the first place, the Tunkers, or Dunkers, as they are generally called, are not a sect of the German Baptists, but *vice versa*. The Dunkers are divided into three sects: the Old Orderites, German Baptist Brethren, and Progressive Brethren, numbering respectively about 5,000, 80,000, and 15,000, or altogether about 100,000, scattered over all the States except New York and the New England States.

While they believe in taking the teachings of the Bible literally, so far as common sense will allow, they are not extremely ignorant, but, on the contrary, almost all have at least a common-school education, and large numbers of the ministers and young people are educated at the six excellent schools and colleges maintained by the denomination. Among its ministry are numbered Professor M. G. Brumbaugh, of the University of Pennsylvania, the Rev. D. L. Miller, author of "The Seven Churches of Asia," "Travels in the Holy Land," etc., and many others who are well known outside of their own denomination.

I know of no congregation which does not have it own church building, and in neatness and convenience they will compare favorably, especially in the larger towns, with the churches of other denominations. The statement in regard to public confession of sins and absolution is not correct. No such thing is known in the denomination.

I am a member of the "Dunker" Church myself, and during my course at Andover, Mass., I found a general ignorance regarding this sect among those with whom I came in contact, even among the theological students. So, if you can find space in The Outlook for this explanation, it may serve to remove some false impressions.

H. O. W.

Swedenborgians and the Present Life

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your review of the collection of the Rev. Chauncey Giles's sermons, entitled "Progress and Spiritual Knowledge," you say of Swedenborgians: "The value of this life and the present tense of eternal life do not impress them." When I think of such active lives as those of the late Sir Isaac Pitman, the father of modern phonography, and Mr. C. C. Bonney, the originator of the Congress of Religions at the World's Fair, and many other men prominent in active life, members of our small body, this criticism sounds strange. If you can kindly give room for a quotation from Swedenborg, the following from "Heaven and Hell" is to the point:

"Some believe that it is difficult to live a life that leads to heaven, which is called a spiritual life, because they have heard that a man must renounce the world, and deprive himself of what are called the lusts of the body and the flesh, and that he must live spiritually. Which they understand no otherwise than that they must reject worldly things, which are chiefly riches and honors: that they must walk continually in pious meditation about God, salvation, and eternal life; and must spend their life in prayers, and in reading the Word and pious books. This they conceive to be renouncing the world and living after the spirit, and not after the flesh. But it has been given me to know by much experience, and from conversation with the angels, that the fact is quite otherwise; nay, that they who renounce the world and live after the spirit in this manner acquire a sorrowful life, which is not receptive of heavenly joy; for with every one his own life remains. But in order that a man may receive the life of heaven it is altogether necessary that he live in the world, and engage in its duties and occupations; and then by moral and civil life he may receive spiritual life. And in no other way can spiritual life be formed in a man, or his spirit be prepared for heaven; for to live an internal life and not at the same time an external, is like dwelling in a house that has no foundation." (H. H. n. 528.)

(Rev.) H. H. Grant.

Cincinnati, O.

Single Tax

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Upon reading Priscilla Leonard's article on the "Humors of the Single-Tax Campaign" I recalled the still more flippant tone of her former article, and was reminded of an anecdote a friend had told me a week or two before. About 1850, when he had just reached his majority, he paid his first visit to Boston. He was the guest of an uncle, who guided or directed him to all the show places in and about the famous city. After he had been there some days and his interest was beginning to flag, he asked his

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uncle at lunch what he had better do that afternoon. The uncle said: "Well, Thomas, I guess you've seen about all there is to see. But there's a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society up at Horticultural Hall this afternoon. Go up to that; you'll get lots of fun out of it." The young man went, and he got "lots of fun out of it." Like his uncle and other good people of Boston, he thought these "cranks" furnished "admirable fooling." Yet that same young man, ten years later, risked his life advocating the cause he formerly ridiculed.

The derisive ditty of "Yankee Doodle" indicates the humorous light in which the British viewed, in its early stages, the revolt of an intelligent, self-respecting people against oppression and tyranny. The roundheads supplied "sport royal" to the cavaliers, until Cromwell accomplished his mission of making "kings ken they had a lith i' their necks." The early Christians furnished food for mirth as well as for wild beasts.

The earnest efforts of every band of reformers has excited the laughter of conservatives, who accept things as they are, and will not take the trouble to investigate a new idea. That your contributor has no conception of the significance of the Single Tax it equally evident from the misrepresentations that made up her first article, and the levity of both. Certainly no one—a woman especially—could, if she understood it, make light of a movement that aims to accomplish for all mankind what it cost a million lives and a billion dollars to do for the blacks of the South—yes, and more; for we have the testimony of an ex-slave, Thomas T. Fortune,[1] that the present industrial slavery founded on the private ownership of land is "more excruciating in its exactions than that other slavery which I once endured."

You haven't space, and I haven't time, to give a presentation of the philosophy of the Single Tax. But let me advise your contributor, before she writes any more articles on the subject, to read the few pages in which Herbert Spencer, starting with a premise that all must admit, proves, by logic that no one can question, that "Equity does not permit property in land, . . . that to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is to commit a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties."

Let me ask:

1. Would it be perfectly proper and just to exclude any human being from the sunlight or the air unless he would pay a certain rent to the man, or to one of a number of men, who had succeeded in controlling these necessities of existence?

2. Are sunlight and air any more essential to life than land?

F. M. C.

—

"Regents' Examinations"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have just noticed the little communication in your 25 July issue, headed as above, and submitted over the signature of "Ithaca." In consequence, if it has not already received a merited reply from some one or more of the thousand academic and graded school principals in this State, I trust you will pardon this late response.

I will have the courtesy to grant that the writer has acted *in good faith, with the welfare of our* academic pupils at heart. But his criticisms and suggestions betray a mistaken notion, nay considerable ignorance, of the work of the Administrative and Examination Departments of our great State University—commonly styled "the Regents." In this he, and they who sympathize with him, should with all due respect be set aright.

In what may follow I would not be understood as being averse to honest criticism and suggestions. That would be contrary to the liberal spirit of the Regents themselves. They everywhere declare it would be impossible even to approximate their desired standard without the hearty co-operation of all persons interested in the work. The only criticisms they would bar are those coming from persons who will not take the trouble to understand.

"Ithaca" initiates an appeal to school boards to effect certain "decided changes" which to him seem desirable. If he is the Principal of a Regents' school, he must know how needless, if not futile, such a proceeding would be. He will know that for the past three years blanks for criticisms and suggestions relative to the character and scope of the work have been furnished with each set of question papers sent to the schools. These reports have been tabulated, and each criticism and suggestion has been carefully considered before the preparation of the next set. It is interesting to know, *en passant*, that 91.2 per cent. of the papers last reported were considered perfectly satisfactory by the schools of the State. *Mirabile dictu!* Not until the millennium can one hope for greater consensus of opinion.

In regard to "Ithaca's" intimation that want of uniformity of text-books is sometimes a cause of a pupil's failure in examination, we must admit the truth. But it is through no fault of the Regents. This assurance rests upon at least two reasons: (1) The University publishes an "Examination Bulletin" or "Academic Syllabus," the purpose of which is to obviate this very difficulty. This publication specifies with exactness the subjects and the extent in each subject for which the candidate in any Regents' examination will be held responsible. And it is further stated that "the restrictions laid down in the syllabus are intended as well for those who prepare and issue the questions as for those who are to be called upon to answer them." The teacher and pupil are especially cautioned against the plea of text-book deficiency in extenuation of inadequate knowledge. The enterprise of the teacher is urged to supplement text instruction. (2) The system of alternative questions, begun in 1894, whereby, if a class perchance has received no instruction in relation to a certain subject touched by a question, such question may be passed by without effect on results—that is to say, on every question-paper there are twelve questions, only ten of which are to be answered.

The remedy which he proposes for this alleged flaw in the system is amusing—"the preparation of several sets of examination-papers" in each subject. Your readers will readily recognize the notion as utterly unfeasible, if not ridiculous, when they are informed of the already gigantic proportions which this department has assumed. Examinations are held regularly three times a year in 531 academies and high schools and in various special centers, covering 130 subjects and requiring over 1,500,000 question-papers. The toil attending it is absolutely inconceivable by the novice. To adopt "Ithaca's" plan would more than quadruple the already titanic labor.

Your correspondent's charge upon the Regents of unfairness or illiberality toward the untimely sick is undeniably the only tenable objection offered. Would that some provision might be made to cover such cases! Were the Empire State much smaller, and so its great University less extensive, there might be place for special rulings. But to allow any pupil for any reason to enjoy the privilege of a special examination would be to establish a most dangerous and destructive precedent. Do what we may, sickness must ever remain an affliction, and oftentimes the forerunner of a train of consequent misfortunes.

In reply to further objections offered I must speak briefly. The institution of the Regents is not, *ipse per se*, a slave-driver. No pupil is forced into an examination, or driven from one subject to another, or overwhelmed with the burden of study—not by the Regents. On the contrary, they set the limit of time on graduation—four full years of academic, or, if I may so speak, post-preliminary, study being required. They base their courses upon the standard of three studies of four "counts" each, or twelve counts a year. Their constant cry is moderation, more time, longer and well-balanced courses.

Blame not "the Regents" for faults of thoughtless parents and careless teachers! Rather laud an institution that has been such a power for good in the schools of our land!

HARRISON D. CANNON.

Moravia, N. Y.

[1] "American Questions, Black and White."

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"Anti-Vivisection"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I trust you will kindly permit a correction of the erroneous conclusions in the letter of your correspondent under the above caption in your issue of August 29.

Dr. Leonard is not a man to speak or write that *which is contrary to his own convictions*, and when he denounced the brutalities of vivisection there is no doubt that he meant to be so understood. The anti-vivisectionists are precisely in the same position—feeling it their duty to plead the cause of those creatures who possess faculties and affections not inferior to many beings cast in human mold. Not secondary either, in the minds of anti-vivisectionists, is the moral welfare of mankind in this great struggle. They contend that it were better to have a clean soul, even in a diseased body, than the whited sepulcher full within of the selfishness that would purchase its own ease regardless of the wrong or suffering of another creature. The writer is personally acquainted with the brave Dr. Leffingwell. No anti-vivisectionist could use stronger terms in denouncing the cruelties of the Harvard professors (according to their own records) than does Dr. Leffingwell. He has no more in common with them than have the anti-vivisectionists. Dr. Leonard is fully aware of "the creed of the anti-vivisectionists;" he is not an ignorant man, and he has been supplied with their publications; and there are no "legal limits" to vivisection. Thus far the experimenters have succeeded in keeping beyond the pale of the law. Seldom will a witness testify as to what he has seen, for fear of the results to himself. Few tragedies of the laboratory would ever come to light were it not for the published records—upon which records is based the work of anti-vivisection societies. In a constant study for many years of "brilliant successes" by vivisectors the writer knows of no instance where a dying person was restored to life and health by the injection of animal blood, and Mr. Bergh spoke in irony when mentioning this claim by Dr. McDonald. The last nine lines of your correspondent's epistle present such a mixture of bad grammar and irrelevancy that I will not seek space in which to disentangle what he means from what he says. Whether "fanatics" or not, the anti-vivisectionists comprise scores of personages whom the world has delighted to honor—the list beginning with Frances Power Cobbe and the noble Earl of Shaftesbury, with his confrères, and swelling at the present time with the purest and most profound thinkers of the age. With all due respect to the "family physician" (of whom nearly five hundred in America have signed the petition for total abolition of vivisection), the "layman" *is* deciding for himself this momentous question; and the indications are that the time is not many decades away when his decision will be felt among the laboratories of both continents. Anti-vivisectionists may "dote" on animals considerably, but they dote on justice likewise, and have no sympathy with the sentiment that man should not endure his share of the suffering that seems to be entailed upon all sentient creatures.

Yours truly,

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Artist—I have sold my picture to the banker Parvenee. Friend—Glad of it! He deserves it.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Facetious Passenger—How often, conductor, does your trolley car kill a man? Conductor (tartly)—Only once.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

On the Honeymoon.—Bridegroom (on ocean steamer, faintly but bravely)—I told her I would give up everything for her sake, and I've done it.—*Life.*

Too Lazy to Kick.—Flasher—So Easeman's dead, eh? Poor fellow! How did he die? Dumbleton—Without a struggle. Flasher—I might have known it. He never was known to exert himself.—*Public Opinion.*

Tired City Child—Mamma, I'm awful sick of city streets. Mamma—Well, my dear, next Saturday we'll go to Central Park and you can have a lovely time all day long keeping off the grass.—*New York Weekly.*

How very easily a child may get out of a scrape is shown by the case of the little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at tea if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly: "Please, auntie, pa never 'lows me to talk at meals."—*Tit-Bits.*

This story—declared to be absolutely without exaggeration—is told about a librarian of a prominent institution: Reader—I should like to get a copy of the Koran. Librarian—Koran? Koran? Don't think I know it. Who is the author? Reader—Mohammed. Librarian—What is his other name?—*Harper's Monthly.*

From a Legal Point of View.—First Lawyer—I was looking over my boy's geometry lesson last night. I was quite interested in that proposition that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Second Lawyer—That isn't very complicated. First Lawyer—No; but I was trying to think what a man could do if he had the other side of the case.—*Puck.*

In the absence of the regular golf editor the following question from a beginner was referred to the turf editor for an answer: "In a game of golf is it right to fuzzle your put, or is it better to fetter on the tee?" The turf editor set his teeth firmly, stared hard at the wall in front of him a few moments, and wrote the following reply: "In case a player snaggles his iron it is permissible for him to fuzzle his put, but a better plan would be for him to drop his guppy into the pringle and snoodle it out with a niblick."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the English preacher and author, tells this story against himself: "When I was going with my boy for a day's trout-fishing on the loch, we chanced to meet with a grave Scotch divine, who said, 'Pray, sir, are *ye* the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse?' 'I am,' said I, with all the cheeriness that a holiday puts into a tired Londoner. 'Ye are not what I pictured ye when I read your buiks,' said he. 'I am very sorry,' I stammered. 'Ah, but when I read your buiks I pictured ye *as long and theen and sanctimoornious-looking!*'"—*Exchange.*

A resident in Dublin informed me that at the time of the great exhibition in that city he entertained a number of visitors, among whom was an old Presbyterian minister who liked to prowl about the city by himself. On returning home one evening his host found him reading the Bible, and the minister exclaimed: "I can't make it out at all; I have read Genesis xxx. twice over and am none the wiser!" He then explained that a large proportion of the shops in Dublin had "Genesis xxx" inscribed on them. Owing to his shortsightedness he had mistaken "Guinness's triple x" for "Genesis xxx."—*Notes and Queries.*

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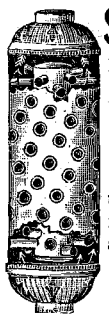

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New Series of The Christian Union

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About People

—The new Shah of Persia is anxious to open the country to international commerce, and favors the introduction of electricity and steam.

—The sister of President Kruger, Mrs. Pieter du Plessis, who died recently, left 177 descendants, while there are now 142 persons who can trace their descent from the President himself

—The Key Monument Association, of Frederick, Md., now has a total of $8,689.97 toward the $10,000 required to place a suitable monument over the grave of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has a miniature farm, the produce of which she gives to the poor and to the hospitals. Her Swiss chalet is stocked with the accumulated toys of twelve years and more, and here she has learned to "keep house" in the most approved Dutch style.

—Miss Ormerod, an English woman, who has been for some years consulting entomologist to the British Government, is considered the greatest living authority on entomology. She has lately been appointed an examiner in this branch of agricultural science at Edinburgh University.

—Mrs. De Morgan says of Carlyle that "all the neighbors and tradespeople of Chelsea were naturally proud of the sage who made their little nook of London so famous. The conductors of the omnibuses were very careful not to hurry him in getting in and out, and I once saw him pointed out by one of them to a friend: "That 'ere old gent has written a lot of books." "Have you read them?" the friend asked. "No; but the Queen has, and the Government."

—Sir Charles Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England, was asked by a Montreal interviewer, "Have you seen our Sunday newspapers?" He replied, "Yes; I think they are monumental and awful. It is something we do not have in England. Whenever I see one I am reminded of the case of an old gentleman of Oxford, who read his paper with great care and thoroughness, but whose progress was so slow and whose paper was so large that he was always six months behind the current issue."

—Paderewski's son, when a little boy, asked his father, who was playing in Paris at the time, whether he might go to the Cirque, where Paderewski was to perform. The distinguished pianist consented. When the lad came home his father asked him how he had enjoyed himself. "Oh, not at all," was the youngster's reply. "It was the dullest circus I have ever been to. I expected to see you go through hoops, but you only played at the piano, just as you do at home."

—Arthur Hamilton, a wealthy and eccentric Englishman, has just died near Vienna, leaving behind him a most remarkable series of collections, not the least singular of which consists of 20,000 buttons, representing all the uniforms of the different armies of the world. Another collection is made up of the teeth of all the most formidable wild beasts; while in contrast to this are 352 fans which originally belonged to the most beautiful women in the world.

—The last descendant of Erasmus, Herr Gottfried Erasmus, has just died at Naumburg. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the last surviving relative of the great savant fled from Holland to Germany, and became a forester at Querfurt. Of his two sons one died, the other became a forester and later in life purchased a small estate, which remained the property of the family. Gottfried Erasmus was the last heir, and with him the family has become extinct. He was unmarried.

—Though Dr. Thorold, the late Bishop of Rochester, England, was a man of deep piety, he had a keen sense of humor. The "Church Review" says that on one occasion he was asked to distribute the prizes at one of the schools belonging to the London School Board. In the course of his preliminary speech he gravely asked the children, "Which was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered?" When, to his evident relief, the youngsters, one after another, gave it up, he told them, amid shrieks of delighted laughter, "Why, Australia, of course. It was there all the time."

—In a sketch of Sir W. M. Conway, the great mountain-climber and explorer of the Himalayas, the "English Illustrated Magazine" says that he has the "climber's walk"—that is, a gentle roll of the body, with no unequal steps, but swinging his legs with rhythmic precision. He is a slim man, but tough, full of energy, and with iron muscles. When climbing the Himalayas he spent eighty-four days on snow and glacier. During that time he traversed from end to end the three longest known glaciers in the world outside the Polar regions, and landed on the summit of Pioneer Peak, 22,000 feet high, the greatest height yet reached by man. He has already made plans for another expedition when he gets back from Spitzbergen, and hopes to get through two or even three more before contesting a seat in Parliament, as he intends to do at the next general election.

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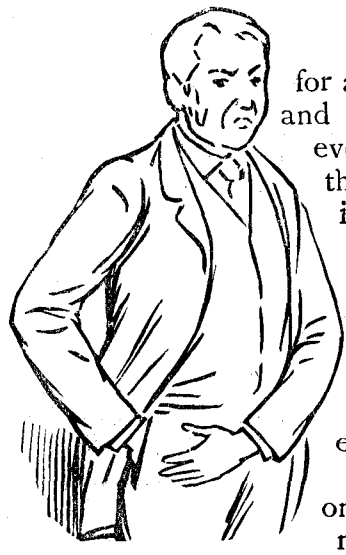

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for all the clothes, etc., that are worn out and torn to pieces in the wash? Whoever it is, he or she ought to insist that the washing shall be done with **Pearline**, and with **Pearline only**. Then that ruinous, expensive rub, rub, rub, over the wash-board, which makes all the trouble, will be done away with.

It isn't a little matter, either, this needless wear and tear. It's big enough to pay any man to look after it, and stop it. **Pearline** saves not only hard work, but hard-earned money.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back*. 493 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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The Business World

The Week The raising by the Bank of England of its discount rate to 2½ per cent. is in the line of the Bank's ordinary policy when its coin and bullion holdings are drawn upon. The export of gold to this country is no doubt the chief if not the only cause. The only reason for surprise at the action at this time has been the fact that the Bank of England has lately had a high proportion of gold in proportion to its liabilities. On the other hand, a considerable part of this consisted of a special Japanese deposit of gold not available for ordinary purposes. Part of this has now been released. Exports of gold to this country from England have been checked, for the present at least; about $30,000,000 in all has been sent. The English markets were affected unfavorably by the action of the Bank of England, and our own markets felt a reaction from the same cause. Stocks showed a decline on Wednesday and Thursday, and later the market was quiet and inactive. The crisis in Turkish affairs had also its influence on the London market, and possibly to a slight extent on our own. The weekly statement of the New York banks showed an increase in the surplus reserve of over half a million; there was an increase in specie holdings of $2,764,900; a decrease in deposits of $1,417,500, and in legal tenders of $2,580,000; of course the increase in the specie was due to the gold import. In general trade some signs of the autumn activity were apparent, and the tone of the markets was more hopeful. The Western cities, particularly, report increased activity. The exports of wheat were 3,799,141 bushels, an increase of over 400,000 bushels over the previous week, and of about 1,500,000 bushels over the same week of last year. The business failures for the week as reported by "Bradstreet's" were 308—28 fewer than the previous week, but 95 more than for the same week a year ago. The most important failure noted is that of the great dry-goods firm of Coffin, Altemus & Co., of Philadelphia, with liabilities of perhaps a million. Bank failures in New Orleans have embarrassed local business. The crop reports indicate a low average for cotton, a large crop of corn (although of poor average quality), and a moderate crop of wheat.

Railways in Receivers' Hands The "Railway Age" has made a careful study of this question, with the following results: "Without undertaking now to trace the history of each insolvent road down to date, an answer sufficiently complete for the purpose of most inquirers may be given by taking the statements of the Inter-State Commerce Commission for June 30, 1895, adding thereto the receivership figures for the subsequent twelve months as shown by the records of the "Railway Age," and deducting the foreclosure sales for the same period. The result is as follows:

	No. Roads.	Miles.	Capitalization.
In hands of receivers on June 30, 1895....	169	37,855	$2,500,000,000
From June 30, 1895, to June 30, 1896.....	38	5,576	410,000,000
Totals	207	43,431	$2,910,000,000
Sold from June 30, 1895, to June 30,1896	57	14,437	1,009,899,000
In receivers' hands June 30, 1896.....	150	29,994	$1,900,101,000

"In round numbers, it may be said that on June 30, 1896, there were in the United States in the hands of receivers 150 roads, with 30,000 miles of lines and representing $1,900,000,000 of investments in capital stock and lands. These figures show a large reduction in the mileage and capitalization within the last twelve months under consideration, owing to the very large number of foreclosure sales during that period, including several properties of great magnitude, such as the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, Erie, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, etc. Per contra, there were some large additions to the receivership list, including the great Baltimore and Ohio, and from the present unfavorable outlook it begins to be doubtful whether the reorganization of insolvent roads will be found to have kept pace with the new insolvencies during the calendar year 1896."

Seed Distribution A circular of the Department of Agriculture concerning seed distribution for the current fiscal year tells how the country was divided into six sections, and the $130,000 appropriated by Congress was so divided as to give an equal amount ($288.89) to each Congressional district. The lists of flower, field, and vegetable seeds adapted to the respective sections were made out, proposals submitted to reputable seed houses throughout the country, and awards made, except in the case of the Pacific Coast States. It is not possible yet to give exactly the total number of packets of seeds which will be distributed, but, estimating the Pacific section on the basis of the amounts purchased in other sections, it is safe to say that each Senator, Representative, and territorial delegate in Congress will have at his disposal (after deducting one-third allotted by law to the Secretary of Agriculture) nearly 30,000 packets of seeds, or about twice as many as last year. The amount expended for seed last year was $80,500; so that the Department this year has secured twice as much seed of greater variety for considerably less than twice as much money as last year.

The Silk Industry in Pennsylvania Captain Clark, Chief of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics, has issued the first thorough report ever made of the silk industry of Pennsylvania. The State had a total number of spindles, all kinds, in 1895, 557,412, as against 348,432 in 1890, an increase of 208,980 spindles, or 59 per cent. The total number of employees, skilled and unskilled, in 1895 was 13,815, as against 9,330 in 1890, an increase of 4,485. The aggregate amount of wages paid out in the manufacture of silk in 1895 was $4,082,292.08, as against $2,725,285 paid out for the same class of labor in 1890, a per capita in 1895 of $295.50, as against $292.10 in 1890. This is exclusive of salary of clerks, salesmen, or officers or members of the firm. The gross value of the product for 1895 was $24,184,583.84, as against $19,357,546 in 1890, an increase of $4,827,037.84, or 24.9 per cent. The value of ribbons and laces manufactured in 1895 was in round numbers $2,500,000, as against a value in 1890 of $1,195,231, or indicating an increase of over 100 per cent. The production in yards of ribbons alone was about 35,000,000. The separation of dress silks and other broad goods was not clearly defined, but their combined value for 1895 was $7,147,103, as against a combined value in 1890 of $4,575,217.

The Port of New York The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia "Ledger" writes: "The Produce Exchange has made public the complaint it has made to the Inter-State Commerce Commission against the Railway Traffic Association and all the companies comprising it. The complaint states that the advantages of New York's position are sufficient under equal conditions to draw to its port by far the greater part of the export trade of the United States. It claims that it is unlawful for the railroads to give Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Newport News, and Boston undue preference over New York. It charges the railroads with violation of the Inter-State Commerce Act. The rates on grain from Chicago to New York are 20 cents per 100 pounds, and from Chicago to Philadelphia 18 cents, and to the other places named 17 cents. From Buffalo to New York the rate is 11 cents, and from Buffalo to Philadelphia and Baltimore only 10 cents. It is claimed that the differential tolls are unjustifiable, and that they are greatly detrimental to the commerce of New York. Whether the differentials are entirely to blame for New York's loss of trade or not, it is certain that the port is losing business. This is shown not only in the statistics of grain exports, but in the statistics of exchange transactions. Since May 1, 24,611,000 bushels of corn, 313,192,000 bushels of wheat, and 14,577,000 bushels of oats have been traded in on the Produce Exchange. In the corresponding period last year the figures were: Corn, 57,375,000; wheat, 834,108,000; and oats, 26,427,000.

The Banana Something over twenty years ago, says "Harper's Weekly," a New England skipper used to make several trips a year from Boston to the northern ports of Jamaica, and would return to Cape Cod Bay, his fleet schooner laden with bananas, for which he found ready and remunerative sale. Other vessels were added to the business, which grew and prospered, and soon became too important longer to depend upon the uncertain winds, and steamers replaced the schooners. Bananas were offered in quantities greater than our Yankee mariner, with his limited means, could handle, and a company was formed in 1877 with a capital of $200,000 and two steamers, and the business of systematically growing the banana for export to the United States commenced. From such small beginnings sprang the American company which now practically controls the fruit export trade of Jamaica. Its present capital is $500,000, and it has a surplus of $1,000,000, and employs twelve steamers. It ships to the United States every year about 4,000,000 bunches of bananas, beside upward of 6,000,000 cocoanuts, and quantities of pimento (allspice), coffee, cocoa, and early vegetables. It employs nearly 2,000 men. More than 600 mules are daily in harness engaged in drawing to ports of shipment its varied products. It owns and controls more than twenty estates, comprising nearly 50,000 acres. Free schools are provided for the children of its employees. It has brought great prosperity to a languishing country, and practically created an industry; and its President, the man whose foresight began all this great work, and whose energy is now pushing it onward, is commonly known among the Jamaicans as the banana king.

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BRIGHT VIEW, OLD POINT, VA.—Delightfully located, overlooking Hampton Roads; large rooms, thoroughly heated; sunny piazzas; fine grounds; excellent table; quiet, but accessible: a few vacancies; special winter arrangements; references.

A YOUNG LADY, for the past five years a teacher in one of New England's young ladies' seminaries, desires an opportunity of going abroad as tutor or companion. References given. Address Miss E. B. H., Box 44, Maryville, Tennessee.

WANTED—An all-round printer to superintend printing-office in Southern colored school. References required as to ability, church membership, and missionary spirit. Address PRINTER, No. 1,829, care The Outlook.

MISS HUME (Wellesley) desires resident pupils for the winter in her Eastern country home. Literature, history, and music. Modern methods in pianoforte. Address for particulars, Box 106, Amesbury, Massachusetts.

AN EXPERIENCED LADY wishes a position as governess or housekeeper and companion. A well-grounded musician, capable to teach. Address Mrs. E. V. R., 28 West 22d St., N. Y. City.

WANTED—By two young ladies of good family, positions; one as secretary or typewriter, the other as housekeeper, companion, or governess. Best references. Address H., Post-Office, Montclair, New Jersey.

KINDERGARTNER with experience, trained in the Froebel and Normal methods, wishes position in school or family. Best references given. Address R.E.N., Post-Office Box 359, Albany, N. Y.

IN A BOARDING-SCHOOL near New York, a place left vacant by death may be filled at greatly reduced rates. Clergyman's daughter preferred. Address A. M. Z., No. 1,852, Outlook Office.

BERLIN, GERMANY.—Teacher of the German language. Highly recommended by American pupils. Address Fräulein LUISE VOLCKMANN, Königin Augusta Str. 21.

AN EDUCATED WOMAN, experienced in managing servants, wishes position as housekeeper. References given and required. Address No. 1,848, care of The Outlook.

A COMFORTABLE HOUSE in East Orange, New Jersey, consisting of ten rooms, to rent, furnished, for two or three years. Address "M.," East Orange, N.J.

A TRAINED KINDERGARTNER, graduate of Kraus Seminary, desires a position. Highest references. Address E. M., No. 1,850, care The Outlook.

REFINED LADY desires position as matron or housekeeper in a home where help is kept. Address REFINED, No. 1,841, care of The Outlook.

Notes and Queries

Several weeks ago I wrote you asking information; would like to know where a deaf person could be taught to hear, as it were, by watching a speaker's lips. I have searched each issue since, but no notice has been taken of my request. We have taken and read your paper many years, and this is the first favor ever asked. Will you not kindly answer?

Write to the Association for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, 904 Lexington Avenue, New York. We print your complaint in full because it affords us a chance to request all correspondents to send names and addresses with questions (not for publication). You write on a postal card, without any indication of name or address. We answered this question by mail lately, but probably the address was incomplete.

"M. L." asks for poem, a petition of a lost soul. I read it several years ago in a Sunday-school library book, but cannot remember the author now. I copied the poem then. It is called "Outside the Gate."

We shall be pleased to forward the poem to "M. L." on receipt of address.

"M. L." asks for poem from which she quotes:

"Who comes to bless with prayers like thine in hell
can never be,
God's angels could not, if they would, bar out the
light from thee."

It is called "The Gate of Heaven," and may be found in a book of poems called "Quiet Hours," published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. The poem begins:

"She stood outside the gate of heaven
And saw them entering in."

There is no author given, but a friend tells me it was written by Mrs. Ellen Hooper, of Boston.

A. W.

Can any of your readers tell me where I can find an old Irish song mentioned in Hezekiah Butterworth's book, "In Old New England"? My mother used to sing it many years ago to her children. She caught the air from a very intelligent servant-girl she had, who had just come from Ireland. The title is "Mary O'er the Wild Moor." One verse is something like this, as I remember it:

"Say, father, oh, pray let me in,
Have pity on me, I implore,
Or the babe on my bosom will die
From the cold that blows o'er the wild moor."

F. I. E.

I am anxious to find some standard book which will give me the chemistry of things in ordinary use. The "Chemistry of Common Life," by Johnston and Church, published in 1880 by Blackwood & Sons, London, is a fascinating work, but I hesitate to receive conclusions reached so long ago. Perhaps some one can tell me whether the book mentioned enjoys the esteem of the learned. I should be glad, too, of the names of similar works of later date and undoubted authority. V. C.

Will you kindly inform me where the following lines are to be found:

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow,
The man be more of woman—she more of man:
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double-natured poet each."

W. B. C.

Would you be kind enough to let me know where this can be found?

"Who bides his time and falters not
In the hot race which none achieve."

J. C. B.

If "H. H.," in your issue of September 5, will look at page 386 of Professor Latham's "Pastor Pastorum," he will find a full and rather novel explanation of the Parable of the Unjust Steward.

F. T. M.

The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies

This organization, of which Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, is President, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Drs. Hirsch, Savage, Heber Newton, and William B. Salter are Vice-Presidents, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, Secretary, will hold its third annual meeting in Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, November 17, 18, and 19. The Rev. Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield, Mass., preaches the opening sermon. Among other speakers are Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, the Revs. Reed Stuart, of Detroit, William C. Gannett, of Rochester; Drs. Hirsch, Canfield, and Thomas, of Chicago; Dr. Rexford, of Columbus, O., and many other prominent representatives of various denominations. The Congress is a direct outcome of the Parliament spirit, the initiatory step being taken during that meeting. It is an attempt to ameliorate the dogmatic spirit and to minimize the sectarian divisions in communities.

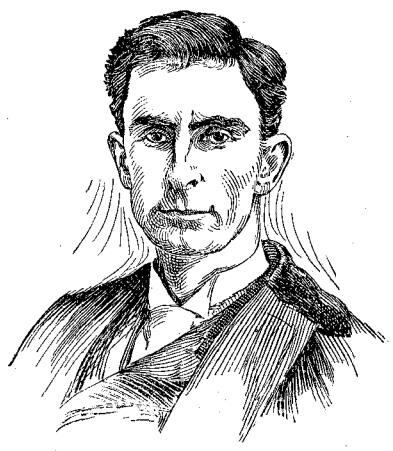
The Armenian Fund

Previously acknowledged	$7,675 62
A. W., Bridgeport, Conn	10 00
A Friend, Norfolk, Conn	10 00
"September 9th"	1 00
Total	$7,696 62

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CLERGYMAN

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Speaks, and His Opponents Create a Disturbance—Comments of the New York Papers

On Sunday morning, Sept. 6th, Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., announced that he would preach on "The Political Crisis," and probably 4,000 people gathered at the Academy of Music—the "People's Church"—to hear this brilliant pulpit orator who is not afraid to think for himself and tell his thoughts to the public.



REV. THOMAS DIXON, JR.

During the sermon he was again and again interrupted, but, as the *New York Herald* of the following day says, "The hisses that broke in on the preacher's vigorous sentences were drowned by cheers and applause." The unusually clear and penetrating voice of Mr. Dixon stood him in good stead in this clamor. In this connection the following letter, written only a week before, seems particularly to the point:

NEW YORK, August 26, 1896.

Dear Sir:

I am very loath as a minister to give an indorsement to a patented article, but I feel it but just to you to say that I have used your Hyomei for Bronchitis with perfect success. I had a chronic cold last winter which stubbornly resisted every remedy for seven weeks. Your Hyomei gave me relief in one day and enabled me to fill all my subsequent lecture dates with satisfaction. Truly yours,

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Pastor People's Church.

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